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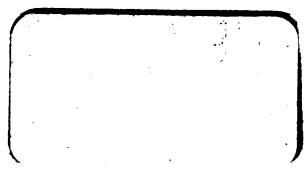
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SATAN.

9042

A Poem.

BY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

“ Whence comest thou? From going to and fro in the Earth, and from walking up and down in it.”—JOB, chap. i., v. 7.

“ Devils also believe, and tremble.”—ST. JAMES, chap. ii., v. 19.



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17

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TO MY FRIEND.

ERRATA.

In the hurry of printing, a few inaccuracies have been left uncorrected; the principal are as follows:—

Page 143. *For* Of Luxury sensualized the soul,
Read Of Pagan Lux'ry sensualized the soul.

Page 169. *For* Was sown, and perish'd in its thirst
For feelings, that refresh the soul,

Read Was sown, and perish'd in its moral thirst
For feelings, that refresh the growing mind.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
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TO MY FRIEND.



TO MY FRIEND.

THERE is a sadness in my soul,
But whence, and why, I cannot tell ;
As though a Spirit's dark control
Had bound it with a deadening spell.

The sun wears not that glorious brow
Poetic morns were wont to bring ;
And many a wind that mourneth now,
A song of rapture used to sing.

There was a time when dream-form'd lands
Grew bright upon my inward gaze,
And glittering seas with golden sands
Appear'd in paradisa! rays.

But all that summer glow of thought
Hath sadden'd into wintry gloom ;
And all that Fancy shaped and sought
Is buried in oblivion's tomb :

Of graves and lonely haunts I think,
Where yew-trees wave, and night-winds yell ;
And often o'er my soul there sink
The voices that have said, farewell !

The bloom of life, the bright deceit,
The heavenliness of youth is o'er,
And joys that blossom'd once so sweet,
Array them in their spring no more.—

Yet, dream not that I nurse a grief
That discontented moments bring ;
Or sullen gloom, whose sole relief
Comes flowing from a bitter spring.

For human hearts, where'er they breathe,
Have still their human charm for me ;
I would not bind a selfish wreath,
Without one bud of sympathy.

Then let me not a mournfulness
From clouds of hidden sorrow steal ;
Nor wring from thee a vain distress
A bosom soft as thine would feel ;

But may the homage of my song
Be welcom'd with consenting eye,
And, as it wildly flows along,
Not unawake thy gentle sigh.

A scene of sunshine and of gloom,
Like human life, my page will be,
And, mutter'd o'er our mortal doom,
Will sound a dark soliloquy!

Thou wilt not deem such verse supplied
By Superstition's haggard gaze;
Nor think that Fancy's wing hath tried
To wander in forbidden ways.

Who paints His bounty on the cloud,
Or smileth on the breezy shore,
Or wraps Him in a whirlwind shroud,
Or speaketh in the thunder roar!—

That Power, the visionless and dread,
In words where Inspirations dwell,
By His almightiness hath said,
Earth wears a shadow cast from Hell!

The Spirit and the Powers of air,
 In myst'ry and in might they roam ;
 Unseen they act, unknown they dare,
 And make the evil heart their home.

And One, their centre and their Soul
 There is, the demon-god of sin,
 Who o'er the wicked hath control,
 And fires the hell we feel within !

And such, a wand'rer o'er the earth,
 The viewless Power I've dared to draw,
 And humanly have given birth
 To all he FELT, and all he SAW,—

To each avenging flash of thought
 That might so dread a spirit thrill,
 With hateful ruin ever fraught,
 Yet blasted, and believing still !

Thus, virtues are as Heaven reveal'd,
 And Love and Truth eternal shown ;
 While whatsoe'er the Tempter wield,
 Is darkly hued, and stamp'd his own.

Nor marvel thou, if scenery bright,
 And beautiful by nature made ;
 If sight and sound that yield delight,
 Are in elysian charm array'd :

For who can bliss or beauty know,
 Like him, a Rebel from the skies ?
 Who, though his doom be endless woe,
 Hath witness'd all pure Angels prize.—

And such the matter of my verse,
 Whate'er its fate, or force, may be ;
 Inwoven with the primal curse,
 But hailing immortality.

An awful maze for human mind!—

And enter'd with a holy fear;

God of my sires! where I am blind,

Descend, and make Thy glory clear.

Oh Thou, whose judgment weighs the heart,

If ever with presuming eye

I dare to dream Thee as Thou art,

And faintly shadow The Most High;

Repentant at thy throne I fall,

To sue forgiveness for a Soul

That felt Thee, saw Thee, spread o'er All,

But could not all it felt control:

But, if in meekness it hath soar'd,

To bow in wonder at Thy throne;

If Rapture there Thy name adored,

And made her inmost ardor known;

On **THEE** my Spirit still shall gaze,
Thy light alone shall lead me on,
And prove it more than mortal praise
Thine awfulness to muse upon.

How darkly bound this scene of life,
How dread the mysteries of time,
And all our being's passion-strife
With things unholy and sublime,

I ever felt.—And deeply now,
As o'er the page my fancies steal,
My spirit seems in awe to bow
Beneath a sense the bravest feel.

The wings of Darkness are unfurl'd,
The Earth lies hush'd, as in her grave,
And all the sound that thrills the world,
The rocking of the midnight wave!

Who hath not own'd the midnight hour,
 The sadness and the dream it brings ?
 Solemnity and spirit-power
 Reflected from eternal things ?—

O'er Time and Destiny we weave
 Our inward fancies, thick and fast ;
 And start to see, how moments leave
 The present, to begin the past!

And we, my friend ! howe'er our doom
 Of life and years may varied be,
 Must pierce the dampness of the tomb,
 And mingle with eternity !—

And what art Thou ?—the dark Unknown
 Thy name to mortals bound and blind ;
 Yet, like a faint-heard mystic tone,
 Thy meaning hovers o'er my mind.

I see thee in the vigil star,
 I hear thee in the thundrous deep,
 And like a feeling from afar
 Thy shadow riseth o'er my sleep :

Thou * comest where the witching power
 Of festive hearts alone should be,
 Till Life itself appears an hour
 That flutters o'er eternity!—

Then take, oh! take, th' unfinish'd strain,
 Which riper years may chance complete,
 Should glowing hours arise again,
 And this lone heart be doom'd to beat.

When fades this fleeting world away
 In worlds of far diviner hue,
 And on thy spirit falls a ray
 Of sadness, soft as virgin dew,

* "Mi figuro il sepolchro in ogni loco."—SALVAT. BABIL.

In such a mood of dreaming calm,
 Perchance a thought of mine may please ;
 And o'er thee breathe a holy balm
 From pages uninspired as these :

Approving smiles from such as thee,
 Would be the sunshine of my fame ;
 What brighter wreath can Glory see,
 Than that entwined in Virtue's name ?

One heavenward thought, one high desire,—
 If such have felt my fancy's aid,
 Howe'er the cold may scorn my lyre,
 It's darkest woes are all repaid.

The words that many a heart have wrung,
 The vengeance of the dull and vain,
 The arrows of each lying tongue,—
 They shall not reach my heart again.

Away with these! and may I feel,
 Whatever cloud o'erhang my lot,
 There *is* a joy Time cannot steal,
 There blooms a flower that fadeth not.

And might I doom my future days,
 Like thee, I'd seek some calm retreat,
 Unhaunted by the public gaze,
 And only to the pensive sweet.

For nobler far thy noiseless life
 Than all the gayer world can give ;
 Whose best reward's a wretched strife :
 'Tween fear to die, and hate to live.

I see thee oft, my guardian friend!
 Companion of the mead and bower ;—
 What glories from the hills descend,
 What meekness flows from every flower!

To thee, the hymn of winds and brooks,
 The waving joy of wood and field,
 With all fresh Nature's thousand looks,
 A love and holy feeling yield.

And long be thine th' unruffled hour
 That leaves thee guiltless as thou art ;
 And never may one evil power
 Profane the heaven within thy heart !

Thus, blooming shall thy pleasures last,
 And crown thee grateful, calm, and sage ;
 While mem'ry, smiling o'er the past,
 Shall be the brightest hope of Age.

And when uneasy life is o'er,
 And this tried soul no longer mine,
 Oh, may it reach the destin'd Shore
 As placid and as pure as thine !



S A T A N.

—
BOOK I.

B



S A T A N.

BOOK I.

Earth's kingdoms and their glory.—MILTON.

AWAKE, ye thunders! let your living roar
Exult around me, and a darkness shroud
The air, as once again the world I greet,
Here on this haughty mountain-head, where He
Of old, now palaced in the Heaven of Heavens,
The Virgin-born, by Prophets vision'd forth,
Was tempted, and withstood me!—

Is the Earth

Appall'd, or agonizing in the wrack
Of elements?—like Spirits that are lost,
Wailing and howling, sweep the orphan winds,
While Nature trembles with prophetic fear,
As though a Chaos were to crown the storm!
Lo! how it glooms, and what a fiery gash
Deal the red lightnings through yon darken'd Sky,—
All echo with the chorus of her clouds!

And well Earth answers to the voice of Heaven.

Hark to the crash of riven forest-boughs
In yonder waste, the home of hurricanes,
That catch the howlings of the cavern'd brutes,
And wing them onwards to Arabia's wild,
O'er-canopied with flying waves of sand,

Like a dread ocean whirling through the skies !
But Thou, alone eternally sublime,
Thou rolling mystery of Might and Power !
Rocking the tempest on thy breast of waves,
Or spread in breezy rapture to the Sun,—
Thou daring Ocean ! that couldst deluge worlds,
And yet rush on,—I hear thy swell of wrath
In liquid thunder laughing at the winds
Resoundingly, and from afar behold
Thine armed billows, heaving as they roar,
And the wing'd sea-foam shiver on the gales.

Swell on, ye waves, and whirlwinds, sweep along,
Like the full breathing of Almighty ire,
Whose sound is desolation !—where the sail
Of yon lone vessel, as a shatter'd cloud,

Is moving, let the surges mount on high
Their huge magnificence, and lift their heads,
And, like Titanic creatures, tempest-born,
In life and fury march upon the main !—
Rave on, thou Tempest, on thy reckless wings ;
To me thy warring mood is fearful joy,
A faint memento of that mighty day,
When proud rebellion shook the walls of Heaven,—
Till, charioted by Thunder, forth He came,
The Lightning of the Lord, and blazed revenge,
Hurling us downward to the deep of Hell,
That madden'd wild as billows in the storm,
When rushingly we met her roaring flames !

The Tempest dies, the winds have tamed their ire,
The sea-birds hover on enchanted wing ;

And, save a throb of thunder, faintly heard,
And ebbing knell-like o'er yon western deep,
That now lies panting with a weary swell,
Like a worn monster at his giant length
Gasping, with foam upon his troubled mane,
No sound of elemental wrath is heard ;
The Sun is up ! look, where he proudly comes,
In blazing triumph wheeling o'er the earth,
A victor in full glory ! At his gaze
The heavens magnificently smile, and beam
With many a sailing cloud-isle sprinkled o'er,
In sumptuous array. Yes, land, and air
Whose winged fulness freshens tree and flower,
Own thee, thou shining Monarch of the skies !
Now hills are glaring, rich the mountains glow,
The streams run gladness, yellow meads appear,

And palm-woods glitter on Judea's plain ;
Beauty and brightness shed their soul abroad ;
Then waken, Spirit, whom no space can bound,
And with thy vision let me span the world.

Why, what a stately World is this ! how wide
Her range, how wonderful her scenes, what sway
Of elements, what pride of power ! the grace
And crown, the glory of the universe !
And thou, for whom such energies exist
In toiling majesty, thy shaping hand
Hath from thy soul a second nature dealt,
And made it half a new creation seem !

-A mass of kingdoms, continents, and isles !
Oceans,—those royal elements, outspread,

Heaving and wild, monotonously vast!
Terrific mountains, where the fire-floods dwell,
Or snows in cold eternity congeal;
And haggard rocks uplifted, huge and bare,
The hoary frame-work of a ruined world;
And rivers deep, exulting as they glide,
And forests high, and brownly-wooded dales,
With meadows greenly bright, and champagnes broad,—
And flowers, whose beauty blush'd in Paradise,
By streams that murmur of their mountain birth;
With high-domed cities, crown'd with airy clouds,
And shadow'd interchange of hamlets lone,
Dark slumb'ring in the lap of winding vales,—
Before me, like a panorama, spread!
Wherever Earth by Nature's seal is stamp'd,
Far as the ice-clad North hath bared her brow,

To where the burning South extends—from East
To West, the theatre of Man I view.

Jerusalem, forlorn Judean Queen !
Girt with the grandeur of eternal hills,
How art thou fallen from thy sacred height
Of splendor and renown ! Unhallow'd now,
Save by the tombs and memory of the past :
Hush'd are thy trumpets, that enrapt the air
With Jubilee *,—when fell the Captive's chains
To freedom, heart with heart embraced, and eye
To eye beam'd fellowship ; while not an ear
But feasted on that soul-awaking sound !—
The Temple vast,—whose architect was God

* The Jubilee was proclaimed by the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole land.—JENNINGS'S *Jewish Antiquities*.

Himself, when first the giant fabric grew,
That matchless pile, on which Religion gazed
With haughty glance, where Glory dwelt enshrin'd;
Where is it now? Dead as the Roman dust,
That erst, with living valour fired, uncrown'd
Thy queenly pride, and palsied thy hewn walls,
Strewing the plains with atoms of thy strength!
And yet, where yonder marbled courts, and mosques,
With sun-gilt minarets, like glitt'ring peaks
Of mountain tops, are seen, a Prophet stood,
And in a vision saw predestined Time
Advancing, with dark Ruin on his wings,
To shatter thee, and sprinkle the wide earth
With orphans of thy race. How scornful rang
Thy laughter, when such vision was unroll'd!
But when thy hills were echoed with the cries

Of Desolation, howling her despair,
Many a demon on the viewless winds
Exulted, shouting with revengeful joy,
“ Thus sink the glories of great Palestine !”

Alas, for human grandeur ! in the pomp
Of temples, and the stony wonders, rear'd
In rebel majesty against the might
Of ages, let Ambition learn her doom.
Bagdad, o'er famed Chaldea proudly raised
In blooming splendor by the Tigris' banks ;
And hoary Smyrna, of Mæonic fame,
All beautiful in ruins, where the fruits
And flowers yet flourish o'er deserted Art,
And streams leap laughingly at Nature's call ;
With Tyre and Sidon, where gay Commerce ruled,

Showering her treasures o'er the sunny East ;
And rich Damascus, whose delicious plains
Of verdure, striped with water's radiant flow,
Shine green as ever,—in your wrinkled piles
Are lessons for the loftiest eyes to read,
That mark ye now, and dream your by-gone might,
When Merchants tower'd o'er Kings ! But, far o'er all,
Where yonder mountain mingles with the plain
Of billowy sand, gigantic, dark, and lone,
Great Heliopolis in ruin mourns,
How dimly vast, how dreadfully sublime !
And next, yon ancient desert Queen behold,
The blasted Genius of the wilderness,
Palmyra ! pillar'd yet in temple pride,
Superbly arch'd, and sumptuous in decay,
But wither'd down from her Zenobian pomp,

When, crown'd the heart and centre of the East,
The Sun gazed proudly on his worship these,
And Grandeur call'd the streets her own,—and now,—
Let Solomon arise, and read his fate!

But, sadder yet, beyond the Libyan wild,
Where hot suffusion suffocates the winds,
Lo, wond'rous Egypt lies!—Come, royal heirs
Of Ptolemy, and patriarchal kings,
And see the shadow of your once sublime
And storied Egypt!—True, her fostering Nile,
That flowing wand'rer of mysterious birth,
Her annual life-flood generously yields;
But where the soul of Science? where the fount
Of Wisdom, from whose deep and dateless spring
The Greek and Roman drank?—Colossal Thebes,

How lonely sleep thy ruins, where of yore,
Like billows trooping at the whirlwind's call,
Forth from thy hundred gates the battle-cars
Were roll'd ! Thy tombs and arches, temples huge
As mountain-sculpture, darkling yet remain,
But sadness broods o'er all : and ye august,
In blacken'd, blighted majesty uprear'd,
Ye Pyramids ! that point your heads to Heaven,
As pillars that could prop the mighty spheres,
And pierce beyond the bounds of time,—the day
Is coming, when you moulder into dust *,
And melt away, like dew upon the wind !

So sink the monuments of ancient might,
So fade the gauds and splendors of the world ;
Her empires brighten, blaze, and pass away

And trophied fanes, and adamantine domes,
That threaten'd an eternity, depart.
Amid the dying change, or lapse of things,
Enthroned o'er all, a desolation frowns,
Save mind,—omnipotent, surpassing mind !
One scintillation of a soul inspired,
Though kindled in an atmosphere of gloom
Or loneliness, will strengthen, glow, and live,
And burn from age to age, till it become
The sun and glory of a thinking world,
When thrones are shatter'd, and their kings forgot !

The revolution and the wrath of Time,
Rolling his years with an avenging flow
Alike o'er all, hath been a thread-worn theme :
To tune the sentiment of many an age.

And thus, the musing lover of the Past,
Romancing idly o'er the name of Time,
Untombing empires, and re-crowning kings,
In sighing wonder ends his moral strain !
Thou fool ! and martyr to a feeble word ;
Why, what is time, unmeasured by the deeds
That stain'd its flow, or chronicled its course ?
'Tis human actions stamp the chart of Time,
And wrap a shadow round departed years ;
And he who marks mere havoc, not the tides
Of passion, and inclining will,—but prates,
Drowning his moral in a dream of words !
Let him who muses on the awful wreck
Of empires, wailing in the dust,—of thrones
Reversed, or titles ruinously vast,
Where Silence and the solemn feelings dwell,

Dive deeper, till he stretch a thought to me!
Ere man was fashion'd from his fellow dust,
I was,—and since the sound of human voice
Has echoed in the air, my darksome power
Hath compass'd him in mystery, and in might:
Upon the soul of sage Philosophy
And Wisdom, templed in the shrines of old,
Faint shadows of my being fell^b; a sense
Of me thus deepen'd through the onward flood
Of ages, till substantial thought it grew;
A certainty sublime, in that great soul,
The epic God of ancient song, who down
The infinite abyss could dare to gaze,
And show imagination shapes of Hell!

And in that Book, where Heaven lies half reveal'd,

By words terrific as the herald flash
That hints the lightning-vengeance of the storm,
Am *I* not vision'd?—as the Prince of Air,
A Spirit that would crush the Universe,
And battle with Eternity! Yet Truth,
So unrelenting in her solemn task,
A chilling welcome in the eyes of men
Hath found, denying what they dread to feel.
Kind Infidelity! I thank thy power;
Friend of the guilty, solace of the vile,
And teacher of the vain,—instruct mankind,
And make the world thine own. Oh! few believe,
When condemnation stares the Spirit back!
Save hearts, where all amenities of faith
And love abound, while Hell is awed away;
Or they, self-damned, who at midnight dream

Of oceans foaming with eternal fires,
Or ghastly air-fiends, writhing as they howl!
Save unto these, and souls of kindred hue,
The "POWERS OF DARKNESS" are a wordy cheat,
Attuned to inauspicious minds alone.—
Yet, oft they frown upon the mocker's path,
And feel they could, did Nature not prevail,
Burst into life, and blast him with a gaze!

“What Understanding cannot grasp, Belief
Can never claim,”—a wisdom most divine!
Why, all around him, from the race of flowers,
That woo his unadoring gaze, to hosts
Of sphyry wonders that pervade the sky,
Is Myst'ry, robed in her material pomp;
Then why should mysteries of awe within

Resolve themselves, to charm a sceptic mind?
Religion proves—but is not all explain'd?
The beatings of the heart resemble this,
And men may wonder, but it still beats on!

But when the balance of sublunär things
Is tried, amended, and for ever fix'd,
Belief for unbelief shall then atone,
By sad conviction!—then shall it be proved,
The curse that violated and deform'd
The World, and all her harmonies profaned,
In dread similitude to mind o'erthrown,
Hath been the evil which my power hath fed,
By dark communion with this mortal scene.
No! not a havoc over Nature dealt,
No sound of ocean, when her wings rise plumed

With wrath ; no madness bosom'd in the winds,
Those viewless pirates that do plunder land
And sea ; no terror in the moody reign
Of elements, that lord it so sublime,
But imagineth that dreadful Curse I reap'd
For Nature and for Man !—And ye, dead Climes !
Where high of old my bloody altars blazed,
Where oracles from cave or temple breathed,
And monsters, vision'd out of monstrous thought,
With stock and stone idolatries, were bred,—
My hand was on ye, and your heathen soul !
And now, Ambition, trampling out the heart
Of earth, the demi-gods of false renown,
And all the giants of heroic crime,
Are demons of my will,—and by their doom
Shall testify the Spirit whence they spring.

Might vanish'd ages be renew'd, and built
Again the empires which have been,
From that huge one the haughty Nimus rear'd,
And great Cambyses crush'd, to Rome, and Greece,
The paragons of empire, what a scene
Would Time reveal!—Who bow'd them into gloom?
They fear'd me not; but, from the primal stone
That mark'd the birthday of their city-queens,
I mingled with them, and beheld them rise;
From dim obscurity my minions watch'd
Their growth to greatness, and imperial sway
That overshadow'd the far isles.—The sea
Beneath them, like a suppliant crouch'd; the wind
Sang Victory! where th' exulting banners waved;
And History wreath'd her laurels at the sound.
But now, uplifted to a fearful height,

They courted vilely-energating arts,
Unthroned the Virtues, let the Passions loose,
And pour'd corruption through their wide domain :
Then came an hour of vengeance ! then the wrath
Of Desolation !—the decree of Heaven.

But see, where Persia's beauteous clime extends,
How gloriously diluvian Ararat
Hath pinnacled his rocky peak in clouds !
He thrones a Winter on his awful head,
And lays the Summer laughing at his feet :
Time cannot mar his glory ; grand he swells,
As when the Ark was balanced on his brow,
That saw the flashing of the far-off flood
Beneath, and heard the Déluge die away !

But here, as in her day of mightiness,
Ascendant Nature proves the God of souls
Who deify her elements, and dream
Them symbols of their Maker. On the peak
Of mountains, the Chaldean hail'd the sun
Full in the brightness of his morning birth,
Bowing his forehead to the flaming east :
The Night, ennobled with her worlds, pour'd awe
And worship into hearts, that from the fields
Beheld their starry glitter as the glow
Of prophets, bright with their intelligence !—
Thus still upon the Guebir's fateful eye
The fire darts gleaming magic, and his mind
Through Nature darkly struggles on to God*.

* See Herodotus, Gibbon, &c. &c.

A mightier scene upon the map of Earth!
Forests immense, and pine-wastes fiercely wild,
And ice-rocks, rear'd upon a dead-white sea,
Far to the North, where hoary deserts gleam,
Dawn on my view in all their Arctic gloom!—
But not Siberia, desolately grand,
Nor Dneiper, thunder'd on by cataracts,
That whiten o'er her howling waves, can charm
So wildly as those battle-hosts that pour,
Like rivers, swelling from their deep abodes,
Precipitately o'er the regions round.
A King hath spoken! and the trump of war
Hath sounded, like a herald, through the land,
“Awake! great Peter is alive again.”

A word of Kings,—what thunder in the sound!

These delegates of God—yea, gods themselves,
Upon whose lips the fate of empire hangs,
Tremendous is their charge : one speaks,—and lo !
Up springs infernal War, and stalks abroad,
Unrolls his blood-red banner on the wind ;
And in the groan of widow'd nations hails
The music of his fame !—Another speaks,—
And Peace, with olive in her radiant hand,
Glides like an angel through the world, and prints
A trace of glory wheresoe'er she tread !—
So great are Kings, that did the royal heirs,
Or despots, who have waded seas of blood
To wield a sceptre, know the awful weight
Of duty on a monarch's shoulder hung,
How few would battle for the throne of kings,
Or risk Eternity, to wear a crown !

And who could ponder on this war-doom'd scene,
Nor dream thy shadow swelling into life!
Napoleon! on the island rock thou sleep'st;
But such a storm thy spirit raised, so full
The swell of feeling born of thee, that Time
Must lend his magic to allay the rush
And tempest of opinion into truth,
That, taming wonder, stamps thee as thou wert,—
A Tyrant^d! in whose passion for a power
Enthroned above all liberty and law,
Thou stand'st alone, unparagon'd; thy pride
Of domination tow'ring far o'er heights
Of monarchy,—a shadow of mine own,
That scorn'd an equal, though he proved a God!

And therefore did I hail thee, Kingly One!

But strange the tide of human sympathy ;
Mean crimes are branded with avenging scorn,
While great ones, that should water Earth with
tears,

Oft dazzle condemnation into praise,
And praise to pity, when their greatness fails :
The throneless, in the heart a throne acquires,
And Admiration in his sigh can drown
The wail of millions, haunting each red field
Of havoc, where their Desolator trod !—
The wish is hated, but the deed caress'd,
Of mad Ambition ;—Glory heals the wound.

Oh ! what a cloud on Liberty was thrown,
How deep a gash her dreadless form profaned,

When thy ambition march'd upon the world,
Till Europe quail'd beneath thy scepter'd arm!—
Then perish'd hopes that cent'ries will not raise
Again; then god-like spirits felt a pang,
That now, when all thy battle-roar is hush'd,
And Peace sits musing on the tomb of War,
Is felt,—an agony, too deep for words
To fathom, too sublime for slaves to feel!

Lo! where the Tyrant felt a flood of wrath
From Heaven pour'd down upon his guilty head,—
Where first he knew himself a MAN!—Yon spires,
With golden pinnacles that pierce the clouds,
And river, winding by the pallid walls,
Proclaim where unforgotten Moscov stands:

There raged a scene * that proved my fellowship
With this usurping world: for what an hour
Was that, when, wildly through the unbarr'd gates,
Like savage war-fiends, his marauders swept,
And saw the city billow'd into flames,
Like a far ocean blazing through the storm!
Then Havoc started with a hideous howl;
The shriek of violated maids, the curse
Of dying mothers, and despairing sires,
And dash of corpses, torn from royal tombs,
And plunged amid devouring flame, were heard
Terrific!—Moscow seem'd a madd'ning Hell!

But who, when Rapine could not pillage more,

* See Relat. Comp. de la Campagne de Russie, en 1812; par E. Labaume. Paris, 8vo.—Segur, &c.

While cannon-thunder chased the daunted winds,
Paused on a desert heath, in speechless ire,
And mark'd the remnant of a ruin'd host
Flying, and pale as phantoms of Despair?
Napoleon! in the tempest of thy soul,
The Elements were reaping vengeance then!
When Slaughter turn'd the tide of Victory,
And roll'd it back upon thy powerless host
Of famish'd warriors, freezing as they died!
The agony of that dread hour,—the burning sense
Of danger and defeat,—the broken spell
That blasted all thy triumphs into shame,
Sublimed thy spirit with so proud a pang,
It long'd to swell into a million souls,
And shake the universe to save a throne!

Thy race is o'er; and in the rocky isle
Of Ocean, canopied with willow shade,
In death's undreaming calm thou retest now;
But all the splendid infamy of War,
The fame of blood and bravery is thine:
Thy name hath havoc in its sound! and Time
Shall read it while his ages roll,—'twill live
When Time and Nature are forgotten words!
For, as a noble fame can never die,
But proudly passeth on from Earth to Heaven,
There to be hymn'd by angels, and to crown
With bright pre-eminence the gifted mind
That won it gloriously; so evil fame,
A fiery torment to the soul must be
For ever:—let Ambition think of this!
Who murders kings, to make her heroes gods.

In contrast wilder than the rude-faced globe,
Appear the workings of immortal mind :—
Russia, through each great limb of empire, feels
Proud animation play ; a panting wish
For high dominion, and sublimer rule
Than Nature's vastness yields. But thou,
Of immemorial birth, whose massy wall
Of ages, with her thousand war-towers flank'd,
Meanders, river-like, o'er many a hill
And mountain,—China ! thou art motionless,
Or, like the Dead Sea, sullenly reposed
Amid the swelling spirit of the times.
Those burden'd waters, whereon breed and die
Thy generations,—fancy-mountains, topp'd
With temples,—and pagodas, gaily deck'd,—
And artful wonders by the hand or tongue

Completed,—such are glories form'd for thine
Ascendancy! Thus bulwark'd in with pride
And baseness, virtues, arts, and vices flow
From year to year, undaring and unchanged.
Antiquity, the childhood of the world,
Broods like a torpid vapour o'er thy clime,
Dulling its vigour into drowsy calm:
So let it sleep! till Revolution rise,
And fire a spirit that shall sound—reform.

Lo, in the East! enormously uprear'd,
What ice-peak'd mountains point their roseate heads
Amid the richness of their Indian sky,
Soundless and solemn, as cathedral towers
Made dim and spectral by the wintry moon.
Hills of the North! not all your Greenland pomp

Can more sublimely scale the clouds. And where,
O Ganges ! mountain-born, careers the flood
That matches thee ? The vassal rivers mix
Their spirit with thine own ; the rock-hewn caves
Shake as they hear thee sounding through their depths ;
Then upward springing with a glorious swell,
And glitter on thy waves, to course green plain
And valley, like a charger in his pride
Let loose, to lord it o'er surrounding mead !
Monarch of rivers ! thy redeeming flow
Is life and beauty to the sun-brown lands
That border thy rich banks, but on thy stream
How Superstition glasses her dull creed !
Religion !—why, the undiscerning brute
Hath more divineness than the vaunting slave,
Who, spirit-darken'd, oft blasphemes her name :

For sun and shower are not unthank'd by *him* ;
He bathes his forehead in the fresh'ning gale,
And, by enjoyment, pays the gift of life.
But how I wilder self-exalting MAN,
When hell-rites are religion!—while he chants
Of mercy, mantling his Creator's works,
So dark a fanatic, to dream the groan
Of burning widows, gasping forth their souls,
And drowning babes,—is rapture to his God!
O, Wisdom! when wilt thou the heart redeem,
And cast the cloud from Superstition's eye?

Another gaze, bright Hindostanic clime!
How beautifully wild, with horn-wreath'd heads,
Thy antelopes abound; and, thick as clouds
Paving the pathway of the western heaven,

On wings enamell'd with a radiant dye,
Thy birds expand their plumage to the breeze,
And glitter into air!—Primeval woods,
And chieftain wonder-trees, and forest haunts,
Where frequent rolls the stormy lion roar;
And deserts, spotted with their verdant isles,
And fruits, with showers of sunbeams on their heads,—
Are mingled there in magical excess;
The grand and beautiful, their glowing spell
Combine; Creation makes one mighty charm!

But let it pass: again the voice of waves!
Faint as the rush of rapid spirit-wings.
An ocean, dreadful to the gazing eye,
As is infinity to human thought,—
Atlantic! where the whirlwinds are the scoff

Of billows, rocking with eternal roar,
Thou art a wonder e'en to me, whose eye
Hath fathom'd Chaos!

Thou astounding main,
Time never felt so awful since his birth,—
Angels and demons o'er thy terrors hung,
When, visioning afar his nameless world,
On thine immensity Columbus launch'd.
Yet thou wert well avenged! for Storm and Doubt,
Despair and Madness, on the billows rode,
And made the Ocean one dark agony!—
Dismal as thunder-clouds, the fated hours
Toil'd on; a living solitude still howl'd
And heaved, in dread monotony around;
Yet hope was quenchless; and, when daylight closed,

The ocean-wand'ers, in the wooing glow
Of sunset, gladd'ning their despondent brows,
Hymn'd o'er the mellow wave their vesper-song ;
Ave Maria ! mingling with the choirs
Of billows, and the chant of evening winds.

But he was destined ; and his lightning glance
Shot o'er the deep, and darted on thy world,
America !—Then, mighty, long, and loud,
From swelling hearts, the Hallelujahs rang,
And charm'd to music the Atlantic gales ;
While, silent as the Sun above him throned,
Columbus look'd a rapture to the skies,
And gave his glory to the God of Heaven !

Thou hugest region of the quarter'd globe,

Where all the climates dwell, and Nature moves
In majesty,—hereafter, when the tides
Of circumstance have roll'd their changing years,
What Empires may be born of thee!—thy ships
By thousands, dancing o'er the isle-strewn deep;
Thy banners waved in every land. E'en now
Defiance flashes from thy fearless eye,
While Nature tells thee, greatness is thine own.—
Who on those dreadful giants of the South,
Those pyramids, by thy Creator rear'd,
Thine Andes, girdled with the storms, can gaze;
Or hear Niagara's unearthly might
Leap downward in a dash of proud despair,
Mocking the thunder with impassion'd sound,—
Nor think the Spirit of Ambition wakes
From each free glory?—What a grandeur lives

Through each stern scene!—in yon Canadian woods,
Whose stately poplars clothe their heads with
clouds,

And dignify Creation as they stand ;

Or in the rain-floods,—rivers where they fall!—

Or Hurricanes, that howl themselves along,

Life-winged monsters, ravenously wild,

Sublimity o'er all her soul hath breath'd,

And yet, a curse is on thee!—'tis the curse

Of havoc^e, which the violators reap'd

For thy young destiny, when first amid

Thy wilds the cannon pour'd its thundering awe,

Shaking the trees that never yet had bow'd,

Save to the storminess of Nature's ire.

Hath Gentleness redeem'd the guilt of old ?

Hath Freedom heal'd the wounds of War, and
paid

Her ransom to the nameless and unknown,

The unremember'd, but the soul-immortal still,

The dead,—whose birthright was sublime as Kings'?

Approach, and answer me, dejected one!

Art *thou* the remnant of a free-born race,

Majestic lords of Nature's majesty?

Of them, whose brows were bold as heaven,—whose
hands

Oft tamed the woods,—whose feet outflod the winds,

Who faced the lightning with undazzled gaze,

And dream'd the thunder language of their God?

The Earth and Sky—'twas Freedom's and their own.

But thou—the SUN hath written on thee, SLAVE '!

A branded limb and a degraded mind

The tyrants give thee for eternal toil,
And tears ; or lash thy labour out in blood !

And some are Britons, who enslave the free ;
Then boast not, England ! while a Briton links
The chain of thralldom, glory can be thine.
Vain are thy vows, thy temples, and thy truths
That hallow them, while yet a slave exists
Who curses thee : each curse in Heaven is heard ;
'Tis seal'd, and answer'd in the depths below !

From dungeon and from den there comes a voice
That supplicates for Freedom ; from the tomb
Of Martyrs her transcendancy is told,
And dimm'd she may, but cannot be destroy'd.—
Who bends the spirit from its high domain,

On God himself a sacrilege commits ;
For soul doth share in His supremacy ;
To crush it, is to violate His power,
And grasp the sceptre an Almighty wields !

For freedom,—such as proud Ambition call'd
A freedom, I lost Heaven, and therefore, slaves
On earth, are victims that I scorn to see.
No ! let them in their liberty be mine ;
Or, what if foul Oppression fill the cup
Of crime, that Hell may have a deeper draught ?
My kingdom is of evil, and the crowns
Of many an earth-born despot glitter there.
Then let the pangless hearts of tyrants beat
Unblasted, till, from deepest agony,

With the proud wrath of ages in her soul,
Freedom arise, and vindicate her name!—

Sceptres are mighty wands, and few there be
With strength to wield them; yet, how many dare!
And kingdoms are the agonies of thrones,
Yet men will die to face them!—thus the heart
Exceeds itself, nor calls the madness vain.
But, were it mine, from kingliness to take
The tyrant witchery, I'd bid the young
Idolater of throne-exalted power,
In the deep midnight, when the world lies hush'd
In her humility of sleep, to stand and gaze
Upon a prince's couch. The glow and pomp
Of palace-chambers round him, mingling lie,

But on his cheek the royal spirit marks
A weariness, that mocks this outward show
Of kings,—a prison would have graced it more!—
A sad rehearsal of unhonour'd youth,
When years went reckless as the rolling waves,
Till passion grew satiety; a proud
Regret for trait'rous hearts, and that keen sense
Untold, which monarchs more than subjects feel
Of slavery; for servile is the pomp
Of kings, though gorgeously it dare the eye;
With a dim haunting of the dreary tomb,
That often through the banquet-splendor gapes,—
A darkness that defies a sun!—such dream
From out his slumber that calm Beauty steals,
That Innocence delights to wear. Then watch
His features, till a deep'ning flush of soul

Array them with a spirit eloquence,
That speaks of Judgment! in her cloudy blaze
Of terror; monarchs cited, and the vast
Accompt of scepter'd kingdoms render'd up;—
Did ENVY listen to his waking groan,
How poor, how perilous, the state of kings!

Away with this;—transcendently endow'd,
And in her mass of mind concent'ring more
Of awfulness, than Nature in her might
Of rock or mountain feels, lo, Europe spreads
Her living map before me now!—What hearts
And souls commune! what countless tides of thought
And feeling, in electric flow, from breast
To breast, from clime to clime, prevailing here!
Here is the throne of Mind; th' arena vast,

Where principles and passions have their play,
Where Men and Angels, Heaven and Hell, are met,
And Life flings shadows o'er Eternity!

Region of wonders! who thy scenes can trace?
Or, on thy many-featured visage mark
The motion of thy Spirit, in her rush
Sublime, of impulse, and creative power?—
There is an ocean, darken'd by the wings
Of vessels, leaping like the waves they front,
While thund'ring to and fro their country's wrath,
And sending up loud incense to the skies!
And *there*, a river, like a liquid sweep
Of light, where Commerce, welcomed by the gale,
Sails onward in the sun: but here, a scene
Of battle, with a death-sound in its roar;

Banners are playing, rich as unroll'd clouds
Hung loose upon mid-air; the gleam of arms
Incessant, flashes through the misty fray,
Fierce as the lightnings when they flutter wild:
While mute and sad, a city waits afar,
With Doubt and Anguish in her desert streets,
Who catch the war-notes from the travell'd wind,
And roll their meaning through her mighty heart!—
In dream-like contrast, 'mid the hush of noon,
How meekly yon romantic village lies,
Beneath a canopy of cloudless blue!
Her elm-trees twinkling as they wave, her meads
Made golden for the harvest, and her spire
In peaceful beauty pointing to the heavens.

Sprinkled with mountains, and with cloud-topp'd hills,

Helvetia swells majestic on my view,
In her primeval glory. Free-soul'd land!
Summer and Winter for thy smile contend;
Witching thy prospects into fairy pomp
With beautiful abruptness; meadow'd, green,
And glowingly, thy undulating vales
Extend, while fawning vines the hills embrace,
And landscapes, laughing o'er the clouds, may hear
The tempest-howl in cavern gloom below.
And Winter hath his triumph; let the rush
And roar of cataracts, the darksome lakes
Convulsive rolling in the midnight storm,
The glaciers, billow'd into craggy ice,
And, chief o'er all, the silent Alp-king, rear'd
Like something risen from eternity!—
Let these declare thee for a land sublime,

Home of the dauntless ! on thy patriot soul
While sternness of simplicity can breathe
A Roman vigour, and the name of Tell
Haunts, like a hallowing spirit, every vale
And mountain-hollow, Time shall honour thee,
When many an empire shall have pass'd away;
And forests wave where Capitals are seen !

Southward of thee, where shining rocks ascend,
Pointing their cannon to the broad blue main
Defyingly, what region of the sun
Is that, with green-dyed olive-groves, and fruits
Whose ripeness glitters on the laden boughs ?
Tis Spain ! the glowing clime of Luxury,
Of Chivalry, and gray Romance : her hills,
Where aromatic odours scent the skies,
And bright-hued flowers, that in the mountain breeze

Of freshness, dance their beauteous heads ;
Her dark-eyed dames, and stately cavaliers,
Whose brows are haughty with the dreams of eld ;
Her pomp of palaces, her fountain-walks,
And many-templed capitals,—betray
Her form'd for Pleasure's undisputed reign.
And yet, on Hist'ry's most heroic page,
Hath Andalusia an undying seal,
And Arragon a print of fame :—her deeds
Of blood, and Inquisition's hellish rack,
For Vengeance, when the world's arraignment sounds,
Will rise ; and woe for Tyrants when it comes !

Here, too, the Passions are despotic slaves
For me ; and prove how features can reveal
The flash of mind, in magical array.

The languor of luxurious eyes, for Love,
Abounds ; for Jealousy, the livid gaze,
That looks a murder where its meaning falls ;
And for Revenge, an aspect darkly still,
Like savage thunder sleeping in a cloud !—
And midnight is the mantle for them all.

Nations arraign each other ; but the scales
Of Judgment by their prejudice are weigh'd.
Thus, Spain the proud is deem'd ; yet where, oh Earth !
In thy dominions, hath not Pride a throne,
Which none but Deity itself can shake ?
'Twas by her spirit Hell was fired,—she reigns
The monarch passion of the human breast :
And yet so dread, that e'en by Intellect inspired,
Or from the pureness of a perfect heart

Derived,—too daringly a sense of worth
Indulged, for Wisdom to embrace her own.
But rank, whose patent was a paltry soul,
Can make a being proud ; an affluent lot,
Where Folly may pre-eminently shine,
Breeds Pride ; some, arrogant with beauty, move
As though the air grew lovely in the light
Of perfect feature, and majestic form ;
While others their renowned birth display,
Untombing honour from ancestral dust
To dignify their own :—and Time hath breathed
A sanction o'er such artificial rank,
To season Life, and harmonise her laws.
So, where the heart beats glorious, and is link'd
By ages of nobility, to minds
Of fame,—high ancestry a virtue proves :

But little souls, with mighty titles graced,
Like beggars, trick'd in robes of royalty,
Are burden'd with a pomp they cannot bear,
And lend to meanness but a brighter shame.

Enchanting as thou art, romantic Spain,—
The home of Beauty, and the queen of climes,
Loved Italy, whose oriental heavens
Are rich enough o'er Paradise to hang,
Outdazzles thee in splendor. 'Tis the hour
When noon-shine, dying into sun-set glow,
Suffuses, like a gorgeous wing outspread
In wanton glory, gleams of magic hue:—
How radiantly adown those heaven-bright hills
The young streams tremble! Arno, mountain-born,
In mazy brightness glitters through his vale,

And groves and gardens on the cool wind shake:
Their fragrance, while around the swarthy meads
Are shining, and the corn-fields' twinkling stir
Moves playsome in the breeze. But near yon lake,
Lo, sea-throned Venice, in her island pride,
Resentful dares the Adriatic roar!
And o'er the river, by gondolas dimm'd,
And palaces, that frown a ducal pomp,
Out arches her Rialto: she hath reign'd
Her day; the many tyrants are no more,
And blighted fabrics but reveal her fame!

But what is Venice, to the wreck of Rome*?
That giantess of Empire! blacken'd, bow'd,

* This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me: how is she become a desolation!—ZEPHANIAH, chap. ii. 15.

And desolated, on her seven-hill'd throne
Behold her seated, by worn Tiber's banks !
Colossal ruin, like a noble mind,
In desolation, thou art glorious still !
Though Time hath conquer'd, can he equal thee ?
Thy temples tow'ring to the blue-domed sky,
The trophied porches, vasty theatres
That heard the beating of ten thousand hearts ;
And fane sublime, on that Tarpeian rock,
Where vengeance was eternity !—when Rome
Could trample kingdoms, and o'erawe the world,
What grandeur rivall'd these ?—their very shades
Are solemn : but around them, when the rush
Of life was heard ; when chariots, bright as those
That wheel the morning sun, victorious came,
Amid the tramp of war-steeds, and the shout

Of millions, swelling with their country's fame,
Thy glory was a terror, and thine arm
Omnipotence ! through the wide universe
The throbbing of thy faintest passion thrill'd,
And when thou frown'dst, what nation dared be free ?

Men look on thee, as I have gazed on God,—
With silent rapture solemnized to awe ;
For cent'ries rush in glory on their souls !
Heroes and sages start beneath their feet ;
The shadowy past in spectral pomp appears ;
Their eyes are dazzled with a starry dream
Of old renown ; and, like thy vassal states,
They deify thy name. And I forgive
The weakness of their worship, when the sun's
Bright mock'ry plays along thy mould'ring piles ;

Or when the moonbeam, through the cypress-tree,
Sheds rays of sorrow on thy weed-tress'd walls,
And dead-worn monuments : from thy young dawn
Of being, ere thy roofless domes were piled,
To the proud noon of greatness, thou hast proved
A theme of wonder in the world unseen.
Half demons, and half gods, thy heroes were ;
And thy hoar sages,—are they not still felt
And follow'd ? deities of mind, whose words
Are wings of knowledge to the daring !—Rome
Is dead, but Roman MIND is reigning still,
In wider conquest than her eagles won.

And may it reign so ! that a fiery love
Of fame and battle, that defeatures Earth
With scars Eternity shall fail to heal,

May live by inspiration fierce as thine.
Many a hero hath been born of thee ;
Many a Cæsar yet will come, to chain
The world, or fool it with disastrous fame :
Yea, at this moment, in tyrannic hearts
Ambition hath a mass of burning thought
In secret kindling, like volcanic ire,—
Awake it, Time ! and rear thy second Rome.

Few years have fled o'er this tomb-like haunt
Of ruin, since a Spirit, who appall'd
The world, by giving thoughts a thunder-tone,
And feeling, that terrific lightning-flash,
That show'd the storming of the soul within !—
Who poured himself in passion o'er mankind,
Making each heart to quiver with delight,

Like water thrill'd by an electric sound,—
Amid thy canker'd fanes, and crumbling halls,
Mused in the deadness of the midnight hour.

It was a haggard night ; when mortals dream
Eternal Nature in her sadness pines,
As though the elements were all diseased :
The moon hung rayless, and the few faint stars
Gleam'd pale and glassy as the eye of death ;
Alone, the victim of his darkest mood,
Among the limbs of levell'd palaces,
And monuments, in earthy slumber laid,
The wand'rer roam'd ; and when some sickly break
Of moonlight lit his features into play,
With all their lines of passionate excess,
The haunting Genius of the spot he seem'd,

Lost in the workings of a wilder'd mind!—
He sigh'd, and mused, and then from earth to heaven
His eye was raised, but moisten'd with a tear
Of tenderness, wherein the pride of years
Had melted out, like essence from a soul
Most haughty in abasement:—blighted man!
His nature was a whirlpool of desires,
And mighty passions, perilously mix'd,
That with the darkness of the demon world
Had something of the light of Heaven! He breathed
The sighs that after ages will repeat;
The selfish eloquence of tortured thought,
In words that glow with agony! yet far
From him, that deeper sadness of the mind,
Which, gather'd from the gloom of mortal things
In moments of mysterious power, o'erclouds

The Spirit, and subdues it into thought
Sublime, and shadow'd with Eternity.

So worshipp'd, and so sad!—Oh, were not hopes
Destroy'd, the living prospect which I love
To see, the idols of this world might win
My pity, for their portion. How deceived,
And how deceiving, is the race they run!
The King and Hero, Bard and Sage, with all
Who in the storehouse of departed time
Have heap'd such treasure, as great deeds and words
Beget, what proud delusions have they been!

To the vast silence of primeval gloom
On wings of Mystery may Spirit roam,
And meditate on wordless things, whence comes

A glorious panting for a purer state.—

True sadness is the soul of holy joy ;

And such feel they, who fashion brighter worlds :

But martyrs to diseased thought abound,

Who out of earthly elements have sought

To reap a happiness, whose home is heaven,

And failing, sunk to profitless despair.

Thus Learning, Luxury, and Fame,—these three

Vain phantoms, what a worship have they won !

The first, a shallow excellence ; the next,

A malady of brutish growth, debased

And most debasing, turning soul to sense,

Till Nature seems unspirited ; the last,

Magnificent betrayer ! while afar

Beheld, the crown of heaven itself is thine ;

When won, oft unavailingly enjoyed.

Oh! many an eye, that in the glow of youth
Hath brighten'd as it gazed on pictured worth,
Or linger'd in the lone and princely fanes
Where tombs have tongues, by monumental piles,
Where great inheritors of glory sleep,—
Hath wept the laurels that it once adored!

The atmosphere that circleth gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived,—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies,—an electric world,
Too exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of coarser metal cannot dream:
And hence, those beautifying powers of soul
That arch the heavens more glorious, and create
An Eden wheresoe'er their magic light

Upon the rack of quick excitement lives ;
Their joy, the essence of an agony,
And *that*, the throbbing of the fires within !

And thus, while Fame's heart-echoing clarions ring
For glory, all the rapture of renown
In one vile whisper may lie hush'd and dead ;
Made mighty by its littleness, a word
Of envy drowns the thunder which delight
Hath voiced ; as oft the phantom of a cloud
In single darkness cowering on the air
Looks fiercer for the frownless heaven around !—
So Fame is murder'd, that the dull may live,
Or to herself grows false ; then hideous dreams,
And tomb-like shadows, thicken round the mind,
Till, plunging into dread infinity,

It rides upon the billows which Despair
Hath lash'd from out the stormy gloom of thought!—
Dark victim, thus so ruinously famed,
What mis'ry in thy smile of happiness!
Beneath the mountain of thy vast renown
There blooms a Mortal, unendow'd by aught
That Learning, Luxury, or Fame can yield,
And yet, a Cræsus in his store of joy
Compared with thine,—the man whom Earth
Enslaves not, on whose soul the truth hath smiled!

A model first, and then the captive made,
Of desolating Rome, the land divine
Of ancient Greece, beside yon full-waved sea,
Laughs in the bright unbreathing air of noon.
Antiquity reigns here; see! on her throne

Of Athos, whence the giant shadow sweeps,
As new-alighted from a cloud she stands,
Waving her wand triumphant o'er her scenes ;—
To hoar Parnassus, where the fabled spring
Of Castaly still flows, to time-awed wilds,
To mountain pass, and Marathonian plain,
To every haunt heroic feet have trod,
Her wand is pointed,—till the past untombs
Her treasure ; Athens is revived again,
The slave-isles hurl their shackles o'er the sea,
And Greece awakes to glorify the world !

Surpassing clime ! though man thy home profane,
Nature bedecks thee for her idol still.
When moon-tints tremble on the Adrian waves,
What sea so beautiful ? what sun so bright,

Glassing the air to richness? Still thy skies
Are canopies cerulean hung; thy flowers
Ope radiant as the fairy wings of birds,
And fruit and tree wave luscious in the wind.—

Again, thou upstart World, behold thy doom!
Where Valour with the sword of Freedom slew;
Where Art and Science, in perfection throned,
Shot rays that yet the gloom of age defy;
Where Eloquence her spirit vollied forth
In words that soul'd an empire with their sound,
As Thunder tones his terror through the storm!
Where Poetry, by stirring Passion bred,
From Nature's heart her magic numbers drew,
While heavenly Wisdom to the soaring eye
Of sages, half reveal'd her perfect form,—

There in that land magnificently crown'd
With all that beauty, wealth, and art bestow,
Corruption in her darkest spirit dwells.
Then learn, thou proud adorer of the past,
Learn at the tomb of Glory laid in dust,
How human passions wither while they sway ;
The curse is living!—think of my revenge!

Northward of Greece, behold renowned Gaul,
Britannia's rival, gaily doth outspread
Her scenery, and blooming flush of life.
She too hath beauty ; and her sun-warm hills
That bare their bosoms to the mellowing sky,
With vine and fruitage bountifully glow,
While rivers of romance, by wood and vale,
And bord'ring town, their shining waters lead.

Young, fresh, and gay, elastic as the breeze,
All spring and sunshine, her full spirit bounds ;
Here, vanity is virtue ; out of hearts
That seem to echo but to woman's sigh,
Awaking valour, prompt to dare, and proud
To die. And yet, true nobleness of mind
Is faintly seen ; sincerity, too harsh
To please, is polish'd into smoothing lies,—
The frothy incense of a faithless soul.

Once, France and Freedom were a mingled name ;
And now, when all their wrathful clouds are roll'd
Away, the shadows which they cast, endure,
Clothing the soul of Memory with fear.—
Her Revolution, who that saw, forgets ?
Or who that felt, and does not feel?—The storm

That makes a midnight of convulsed day,
Is weak, to that rebellion of despair,
When buried passions, like an earthquake, burst
From out an injured Nation's heart! And such
Was thine, afflicted France! the far-off thrones
Of tyrants stagger'd, distant empires quail'd,
When like th' embodied spirit of thy wrongs
The Revolution darken'd on the world,—
Ringing a peal that echoed Europe round,
And died in thunder o'er the Atlantic deep!—
But thou wert too unholy to be free,
Too grasping to be great; and when thy thirst
For havoc brutalized the scene of blood,—
As though re-action for all human wrong
Were centred in it for one dire revenge,
I heard Heaven curse thee, and exulting hail'd
The cry of Freedom, for the voice of Hell!—

Fronting the wave-environ'd shore of France,
And bulwark'd with her everlasting main,
O'er which the cloud-white cliffs sublimely gaze
Like genii, rear'd for her defence, behold
The Isle-queen!—every billow sounds her fame!
The ocean is her proud triumphal car
Whereon she rideth, and the rolling waves
The vassals which securé her victory;
Alone, and matchless in her sceptred might,
She dares the world. The spirit of the brave
Burns in her; laws are liberty; and kings
Wear crowns that glitter with a people's love,
And, while undimm'd, their glory aye endures;
But once dishonour'd,—and the sceptre falls,
The throne is shaken, patriot voices rise,
And, like storm'd billows by the tyrant gale,
Awaken, loud and haughty is their roar!

Heaven-favour'd land! of grandeur, and of gloom,
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme
A beauty and a gentleness abound;
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,
Is thine: the sky of blue intensity,
Or charm'd by sunshine into picture-clouds,
That make bright landscapes when they blush abroad,—
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut
And hamlet, nestling in the bosky vale,
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,
And steepled cities, faint and far away,
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale
Impart,—are mingled for admiring eyes
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene.

But Ocean is thy glory ; and methinks.
Some musing wand'rer by the shore I see,
Weaving his island fancies.—Round him, rock
And cliff, whose grey trees mutter to the wind,
And streams down rushing with a torrent ire :
The sky seems craggy, with her cloud-piles hung,
Deep-mass'd, as though embodied thunder lay
And darken'd in a dream of havoc there !—
Before him, Ocean, yelling in the blast,
Wild as the death-wail of a drowning host :
The surges,—be they tempests as they roll,
Lashing their fury into living foam,
Yon war-ship shall outbrave them all ! her sails
Resent the winds, and their remorseless howl ;
And when she ventures the abyss of waves,
Remounts, expands her wings, and then—away !
Proud as an eagle dashing through the clouds.

And well, brave scion of the empress Isle,
Thy spirit mingles with the mighty scene,
Hailing thy country on her ocean-throne.
But she hath dread atonements to complete,
And bloody tears to shed. Thy lofty dreams,
O England! may be humbled yet; behold!
The war-clouds rise,—beware! for in thine own
Great heart the darkness of Rebellion breeds,
And frowns of Heaven hang awful o'er thy doom!

And now, the World before my view hath pass'd;
With her magnificent array of pomp
And power, of Kingdom, Plain, and Desert rude,
Of Oceans garnish'd with their glittering isles,
And the vast wonder that o'erarcheth all!—
How Destiny, and the corrupting tides

Of Sin, the fortunes of this Earth have changed !—
The present still is echo to the past ;
Of both the future will an echo prove ;
A rise and fall,—a fall and rise,—the doom
Of men and empires, thus gone Ages tell.

And what of this proud Age, whose wings unfold
In bright expansion ? Is she Wisdom's child ?
From the dark catalogue of sin and shame
Is aught erased ? Are passions more subdued,
The virtues laurell'd, and the vices dead ?
The same in SPIRIT doth the earth exist ?
If so, then, Time, I hail thee ! and the Curse
Shall multiply ; new thrones and dynasties
May come, but Desolation shall foredoom
Their fate, though haughty be the aspect worn.

And, as among the myriads who have felt,
So from the myriads in this first grand step
Of being, onward marching through a round
Of endless changes, few shall overcome
The world,—or make Eternity to smile
With bright reflection from a soul redeem'd!

But lo! the day declines, and to his throne
The sun is wheeling: What a world of pomp
The heavens put on in homage to his power!
Romance hath never hung a richer sky,—
Or sea of sunshine, o'er whose aureate deep
Triumphal barks of beauteous foam career,
As though the clouds held festival, to hail
Their god of glory to his western home.
And now the earth is mirror'd on the skies!

While lakes and valleys, drown'd in dewy light,
And rich delusions, dazzlingly array'd,
Form, float, and die in all their phantom joy.
At length the Sun is throned ; but from his face
A flush of beauty o'er Creation flows,
That brightens into rapturous farewell !
Then faints to paleness ; for the day hath sunk
Beneath the waters, dash'd with ruby dyes,
And Twilight in her nun-like meekness comes ;
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,
While birds, day-worn, are couch'd in leafy bowers,
And, calm as clouds, the sunken billows sleep :
The dimness of a dream o'er Nature steals,
Yet hallows it ; a hush'd enchantment reigns ;
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade

Are turn'd, and stand like temples of the night ;
While field and forest, fading into gloom,
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear.—
A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved
In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnized
The world!—

But that hath pass'd ; the herald stars
In timid lustre twinkling into life,
Advance ; and, faint as Music's rising swell,
The moon is rounding as she dawns. Fair orb !
The sun glares like a warrior o'er his plain
Of morning sky ; but thou, so wan and meek,
Appear'st a maiden of romance, who walks
In musing sorrow, beautifully pale.—
Behold thy power ! on tree and meadow falls

The loveliness of thine arraying smile.
How silverly the sleeping air is robed
Around me ! Clouds above, like plats of snow
That linger on the hills, and laugh the sun
Away with their white beauty,—yet remain ;
And now they vanish, and the soundless heaven
Hangs one deep mass of azure, where the stars,—
Bright pilgrims voyaging an unwaved sea,
Are strewn, and sparkle with incessant rays
Of mystery and meaning. Yet not heaven
When islanded with all those lustrous worlds,
Nor cradled Ocean with her waves uproll'd,
Nor moonlight in a shrouding wanness laid,
Is so enchanting, as that stillness felt,
And living with luxurious spell, through all,—
Silent as though a sound had never been ;

Or, angels o'er her slumber spread their wings,
And breathed a 'Sabbath into Nature's soul!

No wonder moonlight made idolaters,
That their Creator in creation merged
As one surpassing whole: for even I,
I who have look'd with archangelic love
On all the beauty and the blaze of Heaven,—
E'en I, the burning of my soul can feel
Allay'd, when Nature grows so near divine.
And Man, when in the loneliness of night,
With adoration in his eye and heart,
He walks abroad, and measures at a gaze
The starr'd immensity above, becomes
Sublime; a shade of his primeval soul
Returns upon him; pure as ere it fell,

He feels the spirit swelling up to Heaven,
Surveying Angels in their halls of light,
And joining in their chorus round The Throne!
Sublime, but impotent, he then appears;
The fathomless, oh! who shall fathom? Time,
Eternity, and Truth,—three awful words
That make one myst'ry; in the midst is—God!

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

NOTES TO BOOK I.



NOTES

NOTE, page 31.

*The day is coming, when you moulder into dust,
And melt away, like dew upon the wind.*

“The sands of those deserts which lie to the westward of Egypt are encroaching on and narrowing, by a constant and irresistible inroad, the valley of the Nile of Egypt. We see the pyramids gradually diminishing in height, particularly on their western sides; and we read of towns and villages which have been buried in the desert, but which once stood in fertile soils, some of whose minarets were still visible a few years ago, attesting the powers of the invading sand. * * * *Advancing, I repeat, to the annihilation of Egypt and all her glories, with the silence, but with the certainty too, of all-devouring time.*”—
SIR RUFANE DONKIN'S Course, &c. of the Niger.

NOTE, page 34.

*Upon the soul of sage Philosophy
And Wisdom, templed in the shrines of old,
Faint shadows of my being fell.*

“If we consult the most authentic monuments of antiquity, we find all nations under the sun, in the earliest ages, however differing in other points, agreeing in the belief of *evil* as well as *good* Spirits. The Persian Magi and the Chaldeans distinguished the *Devil* by the name of *Arimanus*; the Egyptians under that of *Typhon*. The Greeks and Romans admitted both *wicked* and *good Demons*.”—SEED.

NOTE, page 40.

*Who thrones a Winter on his awful head,
And lays the Summer laughing at his feet.*

—“ Lebanon ;

Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.”—MOORE.

NOTE, page 44.

*A Tyrant ! in whose passion for a power,
Enthroned above all liberty and law.*

“ We close our view of Bonaparte’s character, by saying, that his original propensities, released from restraint, and pampered by indulgence, to a degree seldom allowed to mortals, *grew up into a spirit of despotism as stern and absolute as ever usurped the human heart. The love of power and supremacy absorbed, consumed him.* No other passion, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestations of his power. Before this, duty, honour, love, humanity fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him ; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity, to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power. He was affectionate, we are told, to his brothers and mother ; but his brothers, the moment they ceased to be his tools, were disgraced ; and his mother, it is said, was not allowed to sit in the presence

of her imperial son. He was sometimes softened, we are told, by the sight of the field of battle strown with the wounded and dead. But if the Moloch of his ambition claimed new heaps of slain to-morrow, it was never denied. With all his sensibility, he gave millions to the sword, with as little compunction as he would have brushed away so many insects, which had infested his march."—CHANNING.

NOTE, page 58.

*And yet a curse is on thee ! 'tis the curse
Of havoc.*

"The Spaniards conquered the islands, and a great part of the continent of America. Stimulated by the thirst of gold, which the New World offered to them in abundance, they committed crimes and barbarities which make humanity shudder. Millions of the unfortunates were either massacred or buried in the sea."—C. KOCH's *Revolution*, translated by Crichton.

"In no period does human nature appear with more shocking features than in the Spanish conquest of South America."—MICKLE's *Lusiad*.

NOTE, page 59.

But thou—the Sun hath written on thee, SLAVE !

"A SLAVE-MARKET.—A long table was placed in the middle of the street, upon which the negroes were exposed, not one by one, but in families at a time. From this conspicuous station, they were shewn off by two auctioneers, one at each end of the table, who called out the biddings, and egged on the purchasers by chanting the praises of their bargains. The auctioneers having told the names of each, and described their qualifica-

tions, requested the surrounding gentlemen to bid. One hundred dollars for each member of the family, or five hundred for the whole party, was the first offer. This gradually rose to one hundred and fifty, at which sum they were knocked down!"—
BASIL HALL'S *America*.

NOTE, page 83.

————— *as oft the phantom of a cloud,*
In single darkness cowering on the air,
Looks fiercer for the frownless heaven around :
So Fame is murder'd, that the dull may live.

In the fourth edition of D'Israeli's "LITERARY CHARACTER" (the most interesting work of its kind in the language) there is a manuscript note quoted from Lord Byron, singularly illustrative of the sensibility of genius. D'Israeli records that, "When Petrarch was passing by his native town, he was received with the honours of his fame; but when the heads of the town conducted Petrarch to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the towns-people had risen to insist that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged; this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome."—Vol. ii. p. 286-7.

To this passage Lord Byron has added the following note—
 "It would have pained me more that 'the proprietor' should have 'often' wished to make alterations, than it could give pleasure that the rest of Arezzo rose against his *right* (for *right* he had); the deprecation of the lowest of mankind is more painful than the applause of the highest is pleasing; the sting of a scorpion is more in torture than the possession of any thing could be in rapture."

S A T A N.

—

BOOK II.



S A T A N.

BOOK II.

On man, on Nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude.—WORDSWORTH.

AND such the nature of a noble world.
Magnificence, and Beauty, Pomp, and Might,
Together mingling their material power,
Supremely glorify this living orb,
The beatings of whose heart are heard in Heaven!—
Her roar of seas, the voices of the winds
In forests plunged, or playing their mild wings

Till the tuned air is one harmonious breeze
Of joy,—Mortality's eternal life
And motion, with those passion-tones of Mind,
That sound so awful on the sleepless ear
Of spirits, watching like pure sentinels
O'er human hearts,—such fearful stir of things
Might well in viewless worlds an echo wake.—
And may not he, the Monarch of the scene,
Swell into glory, when he champions Time,
Proclaiming what a vassal he hath been,
And how great Nature has his charm obey'd?
The elements—he made them servile Powers,
Or mix'd their spirit with his own; the rocks
Uprear'd,—he scaled them to the clouds;
The ocean thunder'd with her dreadful waves,—
He braved them, and they bore him like a god!

Yea, more ; in haunts where Desolation nursed
The midnight tempest, howling for his prey,
There hath the City piled her myriad domes ;
And Life her awing scenery unroll'd.

So vast his triumph o'er the varied range
Of elemental being ! but the soul,
Which is an essence drawn from The Supreme,
In its omnipotence, may flatter most.
How darkly wild, how grandly undefined !
Now sunk in dreams of miserable bliss,
Now glowing,—gasping for Infinity !
Of senses, inlet to unnumber'd joys,
And pains, all exquisitely toned and true ;
Of feelings, wrapp'd as life-nerves round the heart,
That throbs obedient to their lightning-call ;

And passions, gods or demons as they rule,
Humanity may boast beyond decay :
While Thought,—eternity is not too deep
To fathom ! she can sweep immensity,
Shaping her worlds, and soaring-on the wings
Of Awe, till, drooping like a weary bird,
She drop in wonder to the earth again !

With god-like attributes, ethereal powers,
Develop'd as the living soul directs,
What grand perfections hath the Earth produced !
Proud of his being, hear some child of clay :
“ A Monarch, holding empires in his grasp,
Is one : Philosophers, who fathom depths
Of mystery, and plunge their minds in gloom,
That ages may grow brighter, are sublime :

And Genius, when by inspiration wing'd,
How gloriously the earthless way she mounts,
Fronting her Maker with undaunted eye,
As eagles gaze undazzled on the sun!—
Then may she not the crowning laurel wear,
The purest of perfections?"—Further yet :
Methinks I'm challenged to admire a man
Adorn'd with meekness, graced by heavenly love,
And in the noiseless vale of humble life
Content, and charitably good ; whose name
Is nobly register'd in realms divine,
Though unrenown'd below,—for men forget
Th' obscure on earth are oft the famed in Heaven.

These proud examples of terrestrial worth
Oft deify man's nature, and exalt

His dignity to such a seeming height
Of greatness, that it spurns away
The dimming mem'ry of a primal fall,
And magnifies him to his first estate
Of glory. What am I, then, if the earth
Hath not been cursed, and clouded? Not a shape
Of woe, the prey of agonizing fires;—
A seraph, with his raiments roll'd in light,
The hierarchial prince of Heaven!—If man
Be undegraded, Hell is but a sound
Of falsehood, dwelling in the soul of Fear.
Yet, judge them by their greatness, what are men?
Of imperfection is their wisdom born,
And highest knowledge, ignorance confess'd.
The unknown, when reveal'd, is not the new;
It was, before the eye of Wisdom saw,

And soar'd into a certainty; when seen,
The blindness of the past is proved, and Pride
May wonder, but she ought to tremble too!

There are, who feel true glory but a ray
Of triumph, over imperfection flash'd,
That looks the darker when the gleam is o'er.—
When night hath deepen'd, and the massy earth
Lies cover'd with cathedral gleams, abroad
The starry watcher roams, and 'mid the far
Array of ever-shining worlds, like saints
In bright procession marching to the throne
Of their Creator, spreads his wand'ring soul,
Till, buried in the contemplated God,
The man is nothing, and his wisdom dust!

Nor dare he swell, as if perfection crown'd
His being, who can most unearth himself;
And from immortal beauty of the mind
Reflect the imag'ry of Heaven around,—
E'en he, whose worship in a sunshine hails
The smiles from God's own countenance reveal'd,
That flutter round his soul, like faint sweet notes
Of music, melting into magic there,—
Yes! he is boastless, though he soar aloft,
Till Fancy, awe-struck, wait with folded wing
Before the blaze of Deity!—And dark
To him, the meanness of this common orb,
When, breaking from a cloud of holy thought,
Wherein he hath been tranced, and held commùne
With visions of a viewless world,—again

He hears the rolling waves of life, and sees
The gloom and turmoil of created things.

But if beneath the brightness of the soul
A shadow of degraded Nature sleep,
To make her humble, then how far removed
From primal Virtue are the men whom Vice
Impregn with her dark spirit ! Well, indeed,
Hath Hell with Heaven divided empire won ;
How widely,—let the sunless Angels^b speak !
Who frequent shudder with regretful awe,
When glancing through the dark abyss within,
To view the waves of passion as they rise,
The trance, the stir, and tempest of the mind !
To such, the blackness of the past is known !—
Within whose bosom lies entomb'd a mass

Of crime, by sinful myriads heap'd;—the curse
Lies buried with them, till the trumpet-blast
Be sounded, and the sleep of ages burst
For retribution! then will wrath awake;
And I, the doubted One, shall stand reveal'd!

And what a burden of unheeded sin
Upon the death of each departing hour
Is borne into eternity!—The Past
Was roughen'd with a stormy wickedness;
The Present, with a smoother surface tempts
The judgment; 'tis a most diseaseful calm!
Beneath it, in their cool, collected power
The passions glide, all sinuous, but impure:
But should they dare the world's avenging gaze,—
Why, Evil, then thou art indeed a God!

Oh! it is laughter that allays our pangs,
To see these clay-born upstarts, who were framed
To beautify our fallen thrones, enslaved,
And led, unheedful martyrs, to their doom.

First in my train of ministers, behold
Assuming Pride, who lifts her lofty eye
To Heaven, as though in scorn of its dread height;
And when she bends it to the earth, surveys
All creatures but to dwarf them in a glance
Of stern comparison. But nobler far,
Appears Ambition, whose o'erwhelming fires
Once fed my own proud nature, till it dared
To launch the thunders of Divinity!—
Of all my tempters, there is no such power,
Such mingling of the demon and the god,

As that which in Ambition dwells. The soul
Of virtue, by her hallowing spirit touch'd,
May emulate the seraphs, in her love
Divine, through this dark pilgrimage : but rare
On earth, is such sublime ambition found,
Or seldom would she waft a soul to me !
She haunts the lowliness of life ; there shapes
Her phantoms wild, or glittering delights.
But oftener she assumes a warrior mien,
To make a hero ; stirs him with the sight
Of banners, flouting a defiance, plains,
And battle-hills with throbbing echoes roll'd,—
He rides a charger in victorious dreams,
And wakes a hero!—let him gash the world !

Ambition fires that genius in the mind,
Which mortals on a throne of magic seat,—

Most heavenly-bright, without a shade of earth,
Her nature a nobility : the great
She magnifies, the mean she can exalt,
Lend virtue majesty, and vice a veil,—
The all-adored—creation for her charm !
When weary stars grow twinkless, and depart,
Like ghosts that vanish at the dawn of day,—
She wanders forth, and sees the budding morn
To freshen the pale sky, like that young glow
Which o'er the cheek of waking Beauty steals ;
And night,—it is the noon of joy to her,
Unutterably glorious !—not a sound
Abroad ; the moon, an isle of loveliness ;
The stars, hung beautiful, as all new-born,
And lavish of their lustre ; she could dream
Her spirit wafted into some Elysian orb

Deep in the luxury and bloom of Heaven.
 All sights and sounds are meanings to her mind ;
 The seas are mirrors of almightiness,
 The storm-winds, spirits ocean-born, that prove
 The life and passion of ten thousand waves,
 In the rude tempest of their roaring ire ;—
 Whate'er is vision'd, she can make her own,
 Shaping the world to an enchanted sphere !

Yet Genius oft is mad Ambition's wing,
 In shining motion playing o'er mankind.
 Alone, she cannot conquer Virtue's height,
 Nor bask in her elysium ; to the heart
 One single virtue wins a prouder claim
 Of eminence, than mighty Genius wears
 In all her glory :—while her dazzling race

Are blinded into self-idolatry,
Some unobtrusive child of Woe, through want
And anguish doom'd to meet his endless lot,
Hath pour'd his spirit into fervent prayer,
And clung so faithful to the Cross of Christ,
That he is famous in the rolls of Heaven,
Where lies a mansion, waiting for his soul!—
A withering, but eternal truth, to me.

Next, Avarice and Envy, meaner powers
Of evil, aid me in my dark domain.
The first, a boundless feeling; more or less
A second nature to the human mind,
Whose self-love is the life of thought and deed:
But in some bosoms kindling all its fire,
And rend'ring Man a hideous slave of Self;
Till, dungeon'd in her prison, he unlink

The chains that bind him to his brother Man,—
Seeing no world, but what himself reflects !
Mean wretch ! the more he gets, the less he gives ;
For ever greedy, as the hunger'd shark
That scents the dead among the waves afar.—
Nature's is nought to him ; the darken'd soul
Hath dimm'd his eye,—it glitters but for gold,
And *that* shall season his departing hour :
For what so grateful to the clammy touch
Of dying fingers, as to taste his gold,
While, sighing o'er it with a farewell gaze,
He mourns the nothing of the wealthless tomb.

But though in such abasement I exult,
A fronting excellence before it towers.—
How nobly different lives the genial one,

Whose heart is large enough to hold the world !
Benevolence is life and breath to him ;
He spreads it out like sunshine from the soul,
Itself its own reward ; whate'er he views
Can waken sympathy : the clouds and streams,
The meadows, trees, and family of flowers,
For each and all is livingly endow'd,
He feels a beauteous love, but gives to Man
The throbs and throes of sympathy divine.
For buried grief, and those avenging pangs
That prey unutter'd on the gentle mind,
He hath a healing tone ; and from the joys
That shoot and sparkle o'er the stream of life,
Who fetches out the flash of bliss, like he ?—
A hoary parent clasping his brave boy,
With eyes all running o'er with ecstasy ;

A sweet and fairy-featured infant, sat
In laughing beauty on its mother's knee,
That rocks it into capture ; or a pair
Of lovers, looking in each other's eyes,
As though the lustre of far distant years
Were in them, beaming with prophetic glow,—
O'er these, and every sun-burst of delight,
Benevolence can wave her angel wings,
And find in sympathy the soul of joy.

To pay me for such pure excess of good,
Why, who art thou, with eye of dead-like gaze,
And care-worn aspect,—on thy haggard cheek
The seal of woe, and stamp of agony ?
O, there be none in Hell more cursed than thou,
And Envy is thy name ! though often crown'd

For Emulation, by thy martyr'd slave ;
But she, proud spirit ! walks a nobler sphere.
Whether amid the madness of the storm,
When skies are rack'd asunder, and the sea
Lies rolling in the rapture of her strength,
She longs to be the Lord of Elements,
Sublimely o'er a thousand tempests throned !
Or gaze the starry natures, till her own
Seems panting to be bright and pure as they ;
Or swelling at the sound of monarch names,
Would fain outshine the splendor of them all,—
A generous and god-like thing appears.
But thou art unredeem'd ; a burning mass
Of self-made mis'ry ; tortured by the Curse
Roll'd back in vengeance on thy horrid self,
Though breathed for others ; in whose nobleness

The quality for detestation breeds ;
And yet, by Hate more beautified, it glows
To false perfection.—What hath framed thy curse ?
Inferiority unveil'd, and seen,
Through contrast from surpassing glory shed.
And hence that scowling eloquence of eye ;
Hence Beauty, with her fairness of form,
And looks of light, like those by angels cast ;
Hence Wisdom, laurell'd with a fadeless wreath
Well-earn'd, and woven round an aching head,
Where thoughts have throb'd like pulses in the brain,
Each beat a torture !—likewise, Youth and Joy,
Two sunny phantoms on the wings of Time,—
Are living curses to an envious heart.
Such Envy makes an unimagined slave !
In secret gnawing with its vulture tooth,

Or haply, easing its dissembled rage
In some dark deed of shame, whose hidden guilt
Is vengeance*. How it haunts the craven wretch!
By writhing hell-flames o'er his tortured sleep,
And building oft the gallows which he dreads!—
What though he shroud his spirit with a veil
Of outward gladness?—artificial smiles
Are smiles of agony; and when alone
By some rude shore, where sullen waters roll,
Like gloomy fancies through a guilty mind;
Or, doom'd to hear the sobbing of the wind,
The melancholy drip of midnight rain,
And death-tales, faintly knell'd from far-off towers,
The calm is burst,—the buried thoughts arise,

* ἄσπετος ἢ ἀμύνησ' ἔσται.—Pind. Pyth. xi. 83.

The spirit storms with anguish, and Despair
Feels half the hell it shudders to foresee !

Far wider, and more deathful in his reign,
Is Lust ; the malady of impure souls,
That fills the senses with lascivious fire,
O'erheats the fancy, and to dalliant thought
Presents all beauty moulded but for shame.
And such is Passion, when entitled true,
Anatomized, and known. Yet lewd-soul'd men,
Romantically vile, decoy the hearts
Of virtue, and disease them by a word,
Whose smoothness hides the shame its meaning hath.
This passion is the poetry of vice,
And beautifies corruption. Hence the mind
That would have scorn'd its foul sincerity,

Enchanted by delusion, melts away
In fatal slumber, till the veil is rent,
And all the daggers of remorse appear!

Hail, human demons! whose devouring lust
Hath tainted Nature; ply your wanton hearts
That ruin with a smile!—and so shall forms,
Whose seraph beauty seem'd to breathe divine,
Be wither'd, and the tears of woman flow;
While she, who might a lovely home-queen reign,
Unseeth'd, and unredeem'd, is frown'd away,
The profanation and the blight of all!

Yet Hell cannot deny, on earth there glows
A spirit scarcely weaken'd by the Fall,—
The soul of feeling, and the sun of life,

Queen of the Passions, all-persuasive Love!—
And could I mingle with the bliss of man,
I'd share it in the sweetness of her smiles.

Ethereal essence, interfused through life,
Is love. In orbs of glory spirits live
On such perfection; and on earth it feeds
And quickens all things with a soul-like ray:
The beautiful in its most beauteous sense;
And symbolized by nature^e, in her play
Of harmonies,—her forms, her hues, and sounds;
In each connexion, aptitude, and grace
Reside. Thus flow'rs in their infantile bloom
Of sympathy, the bend of trees, and boughs,
The chime of waters, and caress of winds,—
Betoken that they all partake a sense

Of that sweet principle, that charms the world.
Th' omnipotence of this pervading power,
By aught of time or destiny opposed,
Like God himself may grow consuming fire,
Which I can freshen with infernal joy!
Oh, many, gentle as their tide of years,
While o'er them dances Love's serenening ray,—
When disappointment clouds them, woo Despair,
And riot onward through a wild'ring course,
Untemper'd and untamed; so flows the stream,
That ever nurseth its delicious calm,
Till wrung by nature into torrent force,
And foaming reckless through the wild!

And thou,

The star of home, who in thy gentleness

On the harsh nature of usurping man

Benign enchantment canst so deeply smile,—

Soft as a dew-fall from the brow of eve,

Or moonlight shedding beauty on the storm,—

Woman! when love has wreck'd thy trusting
heart,

What port remains to shelter thee!—too fond,

Too delicately true, thy nature is,

Save for the heart's idolatry; and then,

Thy love is oft a light to virtue's path.

It dawns,—and with'ring passions die away,

Low raptures fade, pure feelings blossom forth,

And that which Wisdom's philosophic beam

Could never from the wintry heart awake,

By love is smiled into celestial birth!

Thus love is Wisdom with a sweeter name.

But such is not for me!—I cannot love ;
For curses are the essence of each thought,
Writhing my spirit on a rack of fire.
O Vengeance! ere I heard thy thunders roll,
With what delight I roam'd heaven's bowers among,
With mighty angels, and Elysian shapes,
Amid revealings of seraphic love!—
But here, in low-sphered earth, a shadow dwells
Of her divinity.—In virgin youth,
When feelings are as foster'd buds of joy,
And freshness, from the spring of soul within ;
When the full gush of tenderness awakes,
Like spirit-music in the mind,—the heart
Is tuned to love, and owns her magic true.
And now, Earth wears the attributes of Heaven !
Two hearts are one, two natures are divine :

What words in looks, what love in every tone!
Moonlight, and azure sleep of cloudless air,
Eve-walks, their mildness and romantic hush,
How beautiful for lovers' breathed vows!
Then love, enthusiast! ere the drossy world
Corrupt thee; soon shall sorrow dash thy lot
With bitterness; the spell shall soon unwind,
And Evil woo thee to her envious arms.
Such love's the revel of a summer ray,
The shadow of a heaven-sent dream; once gone,
'Tis gone for ever! darkness shall invade
Thy spirit, and the green delights of youth
Drop witheringly into barren age,
When love remains a mem'ry, and a tear^d.

Next, Jealousy, the curse of tainted love,

Or causeless agony, by selfish thought
Endured, a minister of evil makes.
Who haunts unseen some haggard spot, to hear
The night-air panting with a rueful swell,
Like sadness from a loaded bosom heaved ?
Her victim !—she hath blister'd his fond heart,
And through his veins a fiery venom pour'd :
His mind is torture, and that torture Hell !—
The world is changed, corrupted, false, and cold
As Autumn, when her dimming rain-dews fall,
To his delightless gaze. For damning proof
All shades of accident are mass'd : he storms
And doubts,—despairs and doubts again,—then tames
His wild suspicion into sullen calm,—
Dark as the stillness of a breeding cloud.

And what of her, so fatally beloved?
Still beautiful and fair; but on each charm
The profanation of some fancied eye
Hath dwelt, that haunts him like a hideous gaze.
Thus Jealousy the mind gangrenes, till thoughts
Are feverous wounds, that turn the weary day
To anguish, and the night the same. How oft
He wakes and watches the suspected one,
When from her soul the light of slumber breaks,
As though it dreamt of sunshine and of flowers!—
But, dreams it thus for him?—To-morrow comes,
And Jealousy renews her rack again.

“ This World, how fleeting and how vain ! Our joys
Are blossoms torn by each ungentle wind ;
Our pleasures, but the painted dreams of air ;

Our hopes,—they light us onward to the tomb!"

Morality, how musical thy tones

Upon the lip of smooth Hypocrisy!

And such a strain, how sweetly does it lull

The idiot ears of undiscerning men,

Who worship words, a shadow of pure deeds,

And think the tongue translates the heart. The world

Is rank with hypocrites!—a coward race

Of such ignoble vileness, that they shame

Temptation, though they track her hell-ward path.

Who bravely dares the censure of mankind,

Pays dear for Vice, but reaps her value too,

In full and free enjoyment: but the slave

Of hidden sin is ever Torture's fool,

Proving his own avenger. Many are

The mantles which adorn your hypocrite.

Behold him now, a most insinuous man,

Smoother than waters sleeping in the sun,
To common gazers ;—now, a courteous shape,
All delicately civil ; full of words
Well rounded into compliments, that serve
Alike to sweeten the sour face of friends,
And mask a falsehood from a dreaded foe ;
Or else, benevolently mad, with purse
In hand ; Misfortune, dip thy finger there ;
Neglected Want ! for you it opens wide ;
And oh ! ye soft-lipp'd dealers in applause,
Resound the dews of Mercy as they fall,
To crown him famous, Charity's own child ;
And why ?—she pays a penalty for sin,
And bribes the conscience, while it gilds a name.

Then mark the hypocrite, of pious mould,
For ever putting on unearthly moods,

And looking lectures with his awful eyes ;
A sun-like centre of religious zeal ;
So pure, he would be better than the best !—
True virtue is a heavenliness of mind,
That, in the mercy of a mild reproof,
Sheds healing sympathy o'er human woe.
But he is cold, uncharitably good ;
Dealing the thunderbolts of sacred wrath
With apostolic vengeance.—Mighty Heaven !
What lip-work are his pharisaic prayers !
And what a monument among the young
Or gay, when clouded with an envious gloom,
While death and judgment threaten from his brow,
He comes, where Youth and Innocence embrace,
To talk of time and change,—how gaping tombs
Their dead await, to sleep in darkness here ;

Or, sternly paints some portraiture of sin,
But feels himself the model whence he drew!

There is another and a fearful slave
I love to train, the glory of revenge,
A ruin that develops me, and prints
The die of Evil in her deepest hue
On erring souls,—the Atheist! with his creed
Of darkness, brooding on the sunken mind,
Till Truth deny her Nature, and the Man
Live like a bubble dancing on the stream
Of Time, that sparkles, and is seen no more,
A nothing with a name! But since the soul
Is effluence divine, the inward rays
Of Deity cannot be quenched; the God
Is clouded, yet an indistinct, and dread

Religion, in the cowering spirit dwells*.
Since Egypt worshipp'd her material gods,
Through all the pantheistic gloom of Greek
And Roman ages, Deity hath reign'd,
Though hid in fabling wisdom. Where the Mind,
Untaught, could not to perfect God ascend,
And see Him as he is,—the AWFUL ONE,
Who wields Eternity, and portions Time,
Commands a deluge, or dissolves a world!—
The Passions shadow'd forth fantastic gods,
As Fear, or Wonder, or the dreaming eye
Of Luxury, sensualized the soul,
And moulded Heavén the heaven of each desire.

An Atheist,—he hath never faced an hour,
And not belied the name he bore. His doubt^f

Is darkness from the unbelieving Will
Begot, and oft a parasite to sin
Too dear to be deserted,—for the truth
That unveils Heaven, and her immortal thrones,
Uncovers Hell, and awful duties too !
Meanwhile, I flatter the surpassing fool,
And hear him challenge God to bare His brow,
Unsphere some orb, and shew Him all sublime.
He challenge Heaven !—an atom against worlds !
Why, Angels and Archangels, who have sat
Within the shadow of His throne, and felt
The beams of an emitted glory burn
Around them, cannot comprehend His might,
Nor fathom His perfections :—what is Man !

If Nature fail, then reason may despair ;

The universe is stamp'd with God ; who sees
Creation, and can no Creator view,—
To him Philosophy will preach in vain :
A blinded nature, and a blasted mind
Are his ; Eternity, shall teach the rest !—
Yet who the summer, that bright season-queen,
Hath hail'd, beheld the march of midnight worlds,
The sun in glory, or his skiey realm,
When thunder-demons are abroad again,
And riding on the chariot roll of clouds !—
Who that hath seen the ocean-terrors swell,
Or, moonshine rippling o'er the rocking waves
In smiles of beauty,—all this living might,
And motion, grace, and majesty of things,—
Nor caught some impulse that believing heart
Might share, and crown it with a creed sublime ?

But there are others of unheavenly hue ;
A mass of creatures, by the earth beloved,
Who bear a seemly fame, revere their limbs
And senses, smile on Nature when they please,
And walk through life, as children by a shore,
Who sport and laugh, and reap the sandy toys
That glitter on their path—yet sometimes pause
With museful eye, to mark the awing swell
Of Ocean, like a vision, heaving wild.—
Too mean for Virtue, too polite for Vice,
The happy medium which their spirits keep
Is fitly toned to temporal joys :—they live,
As though Eternity were such a life,
And drown all instincts of diviner growth
In plots and plans, whereby the hours are wing'd.—
The one is fearful of the trait'rous winds

Wafting a sailing palace o'er the deep ;
What fancy-shipwreck overwhelms the soul !
What billows ever rocking in his brain !
Another hath a mountainous ascent
Of life to vanquish, where a rival blooms :
Though Angels whisper to his heart,—Return !
Still must he onward up to glory climb.
Then comes the zealot, weeping country's wounds ;
And yet, with what a pleased prophetic yell,
As screams the vulture round his future prey,
His fancy revels o'er a ruin'd land !
And thus, blasphemeful of the patriot name,
He lives on vileness that his tongue creates.

And such are these, who make the middle class
Of creatures, wedded to the dust they tread,

But doom'd to wrestle with contrasted lots,
And all the cloudy woes of life. There droops a man,
Poetic sadness in his pensive eye,
As haunting tombs, or scenes beyond the dead ;
And here, a victim of tempestuous thought,
Wolf-eyed, and glaring out his wilder'd mind
In glances lit with torture!—while to mock
Their coward anguish, see a soulless thing
Appear, whose spirit bubbles out in song :
And this is life,—a sunbeam in a storm!—

Here dwells my power ; in living things that grasp
The Spirit, or that blind it with a blaze
Reflected from the scene of earthly show,
That curtains up Eternity ! No truths
Divine, no energies which pant for heaven,

Within the depths of such a spirit play ;
But he, who from his soul the sensual chain
Uncoils, and looks into life's holier things,
Wears attributes beyond the reach of Hell.
Then Time is no enchanter, though his cup
May sparkle, and with brimming sweets be crown'd.
The shadows of a far mysterious world
He longs to enter, triumph o'er this scene,
And gather round him like a girdling spell.

Not such the earth-adoring million prove.
When this world dies, the next begins to live ;
Infinity then flashes on the inward eye
With fearful sternness, till the mind start back
Aghast, like fancy from a hideous dream !
At that deep hour, when dwindling to a blank

The earth departs, and those dear sounds of life
That once prevail'd so eloquently sweet,
Grow faint and dismal, as the dreary voice
Of waters, gurgling round a drowning man,
The solemn meanings of the past are known.
What spirit warn'd in every funeral knell!
How oft the hearse-train, stealing through the rush
Of sounding pathways with a spectral glide,
The vision of a dying moment gave!
And he, the victim of unvalued hours,
As home he went from halls of fictitious glare,
The moon night-weary, and the sallow dawn,
In sickly lustre, o'er the orient spread—
How oft the nothingness of life he felt,
And dream'd the tragedy Death's acting now!
But these are words unwelcomed and unloved;

The sad intrusion of a sober thought ;
A cloud pass'd o'er the summer of the mind,
And laugh'd away in lightness, or in joy.—
The dead, the faded, and forgotten dead,
The progeny of ages, who have breathed
That breath of life which all the living breathe,
Have walk'd beneath the same blue sky, and hail'd
The lord of brightness that illumines their path,—
Inherited the same mysterious dust,
And form'd like them a link in Nature's chain,—
Have shrunk away, like shadows into gloom,
And who laments?—Yes! they, the fair and young,
In the prime bloom of spousal years, who seem'd
Too beautiful to die; and fame's proved race
Of heroes, o'er whose bier a nation wept;
With all that number multiplied, can dream

Of mindless creatures dancing round their tombs,
And mocking at eternity!—are plunged
And buried in the unremember'd past,
Yet, few dare meditate their dying hour!—
Oh, did the living but the dead recall
As often as the dead the living do^h,
The sun would gaze upon a purer world
Than now;—but let the dead remain the dead*!
Thus Pleasure teach thou my philosophy:
Thy truths are sweet, thy curses all conceal'd.

May never Wisdom's heaven-communing eye
To these, the earthly and the low reveal,

* *Quæ enim potest in vitâ esse jucunditas, cum dies et noctes cogitandum sit, jam jamque esse moriendum?—Tusc. Quæ.*

That sounds of folly pierce the gloom of Hell ;
That tongues of torture syllable their names
In regions where the fiery whirlwinds roar !
Again to this forsaken orb of life
Fain would a perish'd father come, to dart
One glance upon an unbelieving child,
To breathe one sigh of warning to his soul !—
May never men of whisp'ring angels learn,
How Heaven is brighten'd, when the Earth adores !

Thus balance mortals in whatever scale
They move,—whether by triumphs, that are reap'd
From fields of glory, or of genius born,
I estimate them,—from their primal state
An awful distance have the rebels sunk !
That primal state !—had evil not prevail'd,

A heaven in miniature the world had been.
Her Paradise! I see it, as it rose
In youthful splendour on my savage eye;
A starry jubilee still rang; the wings
Angelical of many a hovering shape
Still joy'd, and glitter'd in the virgin air
That seem'd one atmosphere of melody!
As yet, no cloud was born; the sunshine fed
The flowers with beauty, till the twilight dew;
Birds, Eden-sprung, with sky-tints on their plumes,
And butterflies, bright creatures, rich as they,
Like showers of blossoms from a tree upwhirl'd
On starry wing hung trembling in the air!
More glorious yet!—from Eden's mount I gazed,
The greenery of whose untrodden hills
Stirr'd like the laughing hues on plumage seed,

And saw two creatures of celestial mould.
Till these were made, companionless the world
Appear'd, and as a heart suspended lay,
All throbbing for the vision that should dawn !
And they were fashion'd, breathing shapes of life,
With radiant limbs, whose robes were innocence,
And eye that spoke the birth-place of the soul !
Again the star-chimed hallelujahs rang
With wonder, while a gush of rapture thrill'd
Creation to her centre, till each breeze
Was music, murmur'd out of Nature's heart !

And thus they dawn'd, the new-created pair ;
In loveliness complete, with forms of light
Reflecting glory wheresoe'er they moved.
The one did glance the blue immensity

Above, with a majestic gaze, and eye
The sun, as though he felt himself akin
To his pre-eminence, and throned state :
The other, in her fair perfection seem'd
A shape apparell'd by her own pure smiles,
Surpassing beauty, and subduing love ;
While ever as she moved, the blush of flowers,
O'erveil'd her, and a breezy host of sounds,
Like magic birds, embosom'd in the air
In sweet attendance caroll'd round her path.
Never hath sunny mood, or shaping dream,
Divined the vision which in Eden lay,—
Each sound was music, and each sight a heaven !

Such, could I see, nor madden as I gazed ?
Obedient, and they vanquish'd me ; my doom

Of darkness would have set, without one gleam
Of vengeance, for the living pangs I feel.
I plotted,—tempted,—and the earth-born sunk
From Heaven's embrace into the arms of Hell,
Henceforward to enclasp a world of souls!
Then, what a withering the elements
Of mighty being felt!—Corruption pass'd
Through human into natural things;—the Earth
Was barren-struck; the enchanting Sun
A thund'ry visor wore; the rivers howl'd;
And deep o'er all one blast of Desolation blew:
A curse came down, and Eden was no more!

And now, from his primeval state dethroned,
His very form o'ershadow'd by the Sin
That, like a breath-stain on a mirror cast,

The beauty of his god-like mien eclips'd—
I look'd on man, a remnant of despair,
But gloried as I gazed!—for then, the tongue,
That tameless member that o'er-mastereth all,
E'en in an atmosphere of God himself,
The grand deceit of erring souls began,
Whereby, temptation not the sin arraign'd,
The guilt is flatter'd, and the heart secure.

Creation shudder'd! for mankind were lost,
Till God the seal of mystery should break
In Him foredoom'd to bruise the Serpent's head,
And re-awake the hymns of Paradise.
Meanwhile, the Evil triumph'd o'er the Good;
And, exiled from their Eden home, begirt
And guarded with an ever-living flame,

Two fallen creatures on the race of life
In sorrowing loneliness appear'd.—Time lash'd
His years along; but Evil with them roll'd,
Till Death in fratricidal fury came!—
How Life hung shudd'ring o'er his glazing eye;
When pale, and dash'd with many a bloody hue,
The prostrate Abel in the gasp of death
Lay stretch'd;—while Cain, a maniac child of Hell,
With lines of anguish working on his face,
Stood by,—and knew himself th' embodied Curse!

Crime revelled on, the peopled earth sank deep
In ruin, till the great Avenger woke;
Then came a flood, a desolating swell,
That deluged sixteen hundred years of Sin!
Methinks I hear it now!—so fiercely howl'd

The waves and whirlwinds of that dreadful hour.—
Dark prodigies, disasters in the sky
Announced it, yet scarce one these heralds knew :
Still Blasphemy went hooting at the heavens
While they did gape, like caverns in the clouds,
Mocking the elements with impious joy.
The Sun went down in sorrow ; and the Moon
Rose pale and icy, as an orb congeal'd ;
While, ever and anon, there came a swell
Of melancholy meaning o'er the wind ;
The sadness of a thousand spirit-lyres
Seem'd waking into wildness there :—but Hell
Prevail'd, save o'er the sacred few. And one
The wicked counsell'd, glorious, and as good ;
A hoary patriarch, who would haunt the shore,
And hear a prophet speaking in the wind,

And prescient terror in the sound of waves,—
A myst'ry, mutter'd into Nature's ear ;
Then darkly muse on some high-gazing rock,
And shape out immortality !—But when
The skies were blacken'd to a cloudy sea,
Whose rage came down in cataracts,—Despair,
The racking universe was all thine own !

And never were such horrid shadows frown'd
Upon the waters, as thy victims threw,
When, all aghast, in their avenging ire,
They heard them ravenously sweep along
As roaring for their prey ! Such sounds
Of woe, such shrieks of madness never rang,
Such eyes were never to a God upturn'd,
As mark'd this dread, unutterable hour !

A palpitation in the womb of Earth
Began, then upward burst a buried sea *,
That whirl'd the mountains on her waves, and heaved
The rocks, and shook the rooted hills abroad,
Till darkness and a deluge covered All!—
Save that which in the ocean wilderness
Triumphant o'er a welt'ring chaos rode,
And bore aloft the burden of a world!

Yea! these were dread catastrophes of old,
Loading with awfulness the tongue of Time;
Unparagon'd as yet: but, 'tis decreed,
Another day of unimagined doom
Shall come, a deluge of devouring fire,

* See Burnett's Chapter on the Deluge.

That now is redd'ning in the cavern depths
Which eye hath pierced not, ravenous for the hour
When Earth shall wither into shapeless dust!
And I,—no matter, there are years to face,
And souls to gather, ere my sun can set.

So fierce the sway of Evil, and the power
Of Will, o'er Reason, and Religion's voice,
That though a thousand deluges had been,
Still on the earth my sceptre would command.—
Unroll the teeming volume of the past,
And from each page what lesson may be reap'd?
A moral balance rules the tide of things¹,
Guiding them on to their eternal goal.
From evil, evil, and from good, a good
Is born, each one a payment in itself,

Its own avenger, or its own reward.—

I thank thee, Passion! blinded by Desire,

Thou seest it not, through every track which years

Have furrow'd on the travell'd sea of Time.

By tears of torture, wrung from out the soul

Of Penitence; by arrows of Remorse;

The inward hell in guilty bosoms found;

By retributions in the wrathful shape

Of elements, and dangers wing'd by death;

By madd'ning glory, that will venture on

Till dash'd to ruin by her own renown;

By each and all of such avengers, Crime

Hath paid atonement to the law of Life,

And agonized o'er that which is to come.

E'en Nature, in her elemental round

Of living wonders, a re-action shews,
In semblance to the moral law reveal'd
By human destinies. The poise of worlds
That make infinity a beauteous thought ;
The ocean, panting as the tide-queen wills,
In ebb and flow of everlasting waves ;
And that communion of the earth and sky,
By heat exhaling water into clouds,
And clouds returning in the showery rain ;
All teach a balance of prevailing power.
But thou, Reviver of departed days,
By whom, a beacon light for unborn time
The past might well have risen, hast forgot
The law of retribution in thy love
Of fame, and adoration to the dead.
A war awakes!—what poetry is here

For History to picture into life !
The armies rally,—vast machines of mind
Half demonized, with one concent'ring heart
To animate and harmonize the whole ;
The clarions ring, the banners chafe the breeze,
Earth trembles to the haughty-footed steeds,
And cannons thunder, till the clouds are thrill'd !
Then comes your hero sprinkled with a shower
Of blood,—how gloriously sublime he seems !—
Yet kingdoms mourn, and trodden myriads lie
All dead, and stiffening in the moonless air.

But, should re-action for heroic crime,
Or lavish conquest, smite a tyrant soul,
A human vengeance, not a Hand Supreme,
Is traced ; and retribution reason'd down

As though Life circled on the wheels of chance.
Thus, when a despot, weary of renown,
Descends in sorrow to a throneless gloom,
How Hist'ry flutters round his agonies,
And so the living, in the dead forgot,
Are written into sympathy with shame ;
While they, whose words are wisdom to the pure,
Rise dimly vision'd on th' historic page,
Where infamy in glowing language lives ^t.

So may it ever be ! let ages gone,
Whence monuments, by sad experience piled
Might frown a warning o'er unheedful days,
Like buried lumber in oblivion sleep ;
Experience is the sternest foe of Hell.
And though progression be the native soul

Of all things, human or divine, while Pride
Can hear no prophets breathing through the past,
Progression will be lame, and Nature slow
In her advancement to Millennial bloom :
While frequently, an earthquake shock will come,
Forcing the world a cent'ry back again
In vice, and gloom !—such as of old o'erthrew
The Roman empire, and her regal isles.

I know the haughtiness that now exults
Upon the forehead of these fearless times.
But let the modern in his pride beware !
Corruption is the strongest in the best,
And knowledge wasted, worse than ign'rance proved.
A moral, not an intellectual bloom,
Yields life and vigour of unerring power,

And so taught He, that co-eternal One
On high, when, leaving his Elysian throne,
He mingled his bright nature with the clay
Of dim mortality, and unbarr'd Heaven,
Whose gates of glory now expanded shine.
Philosophy, benighted in the gloom
Of Pagan wisdom, fondly charming oft
The shady luxury of Attic grove,
How failing in her eagle flights!—To clear
The clouded intellect was her prime aim :
The heart, the essence and the spring of life,
Rank'd second in her grand array of thought :
And thus, her wisdom in a weedy soil
Was sown ; and perish'd in its thirst
For feelings, that refresh the soul,
As spring-dews foster the awaking flowers.

But Christianity, the child of Truth,
With moral light the inward nature clear'd,
And by a conscience, rooted in the soul,
And fears, of which unfading hopes are born,
And faculties of faith, which all possess,
Awoke the mind to wisdom, deep as heaven.—
Spirit of Vengeance! would that I could prove
That Ages which have hallow'd ancient time,
A revelation pure as this, proclaim'd.—
One living God, surpassingly supreme,
Parent of mighty worlds, pervading each,
The First and Last, Immortal, and the True:
The Son of His eternity, from Heaven
Sent down, embodied in a human mould;
The same hung crucified upon the Cross,
Incarnadined with His redeeming blood,

For fallen nature flowing, till the Earth
As in an agony did rock and heave,
While bowing angels worshipp'd in amaze,
And Hell grew darker with despair; a life
Unending, shared by an existent soul;
A Resurrection, when the dead are reap'd;
And, crowning all, the doomsday of the world,
When every eye must see HIM in the clouds,
And Time be swallow'd in Eternity,—
Would that a scheme of wisdom by the sage
Reveal'd, some pageantry of thought sublime
Enough to darken this dread pomp, were feign'd,
Which Devils read, yet tremble to unroll!

But thanks to man, man's most inveterate foe,
How oft, perverted, hath Religion proved

That curse she came to cancel and destroy!
By bigotry, insatiate for the blood
Of martyrs, by the shadows and the clouds
That dream-eyed Innovation form'd and fed,
The clash of evil with the growth of good
Hath half repaid me for the realm I lost,
When dawn'd Salvation on the sinking world.

And now, there is an animating throb,
An energy, and daringness of thought,
Awaken'd like one mighty pulse, through lands
And isles, remotely set in ocean gloom¹.
But if the HEART uncultivated lie
Amid the flush of intellectual power,—
Though, basking in the sunshine of her hope,
Philosophy of perfect minds may dream,

She builds a vision baseless, proud and vain,
As ever revell'd on the eye of sleep :
For o'er the heart a victim's mind shall rule,
And poison each aspiring germ of thought,
Till talent prove but infamy sublimed,
In dreadful darkness tow'ring o'er mankind,
So be it ;—Hell shall blaze a bright applause.

No, not till spirit over sense prevail,
And mortals to the awfulness of life
Advance, will Earth a brighter visage wear.
And such, methinks, Creation might reveal.—
A sea, for ever sounding with his voice
Of billows, “ Might and majesty are here,
And in eternity my waves have roll'd :”

A sky of living glory, when the storm
Hath foam'd into an ocean-waste of cloud,
Or arch'd in beauty, shadowless and blue :
With all the wonders, swarming on each spot
Of being,—hint they not an awful shade
Of myst'ry, unreveal'd, yet claiming dreams
Of reverential hue = ? And then, as hours depart,
Myriads of spirits passing to and fro
From life and darkness,—from the womb
Of silence, to this loud sublunar world ;
While feelings, words, and deeds, whatever mind
Betray of good or bad in her free pulse
Of action, register'd above, remain
For judgment,—bear they not, as on they roll,
A burden, and a meaning most sublime ?

Yet who in nature or in time reveres
A sense and shadow of diviner things * ?

A spectacle to Angels and to God !
Thus hath the soul of inspiration breathed :
And what a grandeur centred in the thought !
Around, above, beneath, where'er man lives
And moves, unvision'd natures overhang
His path, and chronicle his history.
But o'er this pomp external, and the life
Of sense, such beautifying veils are thrown,
That men become idolaters to sight,
Naming all else the nothingness of dreams * :
A wisdom worthy an infernal crown !

* For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.—St. PAUL'S Epist., Rom. i. 20.

Why, if a bead of water in its round
Of compass, hath contain'd a countless host
Of beings, limb'd, and full of perfect life ;
If not a leaf that flutters on the tree,
But is empeopled with an insect swarm ;
If not a flower by fairy sunrise charm'd,
But in the palace of its dew-drop dwell
Unnumber'd beings, that in joyance live * ;
Then why not, oh ye self-adoring wise,
A world of spirit-natures, though unseen,
In number rivalling that creation yields ?
And vacancy, that hueless void of air
Which men unanimated space define,
Be pregnant with aërial shapes of life ?

* See St. Pierre's " Studies of Nature," for some beautiful illustrations of this fact.

Yet better is such blindness for the cause
• Of evil ; would it might eclipse the race
Entire, of all who have a soul to save !
For some can dare the prison'd mind unbar,
And glance unearthliness behind the veil
That mantles their mortality. And such,
The pale enchantment of a moonlight hour
When the far skies are fleck'd with silky clouds,
Like shapes of beauty floating on the breath
Of Heaven, and stars in their sweet flush appear
The bright mementos of eternity,—
For high communion with celestial things
Employ : such spirits never in their clay
Are dungeon'd ; but in demi-paradise
Do wander, reaping holiness and love.—
And Guilt too hath her hour, when spectres come,

Array'd in fury, till the air grow dark
With demon-wings, and Terror shriek my name!

But this deep sense of something unavow'd
Pervading nature, which the purer mind
May in some beauteous trance of holy thought
Perceive, and which the ghastliness of guilt
Oft tortures into life,—o'er few prevails:
In vain have heaven-taught seers the coming world
Foreshadow'd: visions of unearthly blaze,
And princely seraphs over empires throned*,
And dreams which were the delegates of God,—
Of such past wonders do the Prophets tell.
And now, in modern days, when men have crown'd
Themselves with false perfection, not an hour

* See Daniel.

But hints a spirit nature to the soul,
Howe'er unhallow'd.—Whence that cloudy sense
Of peril doom'd to come? those guiding thoughts
That helm the fancy with mysterious sway?
The heaven of feeling when a God descends?
Or that sweet sun-thaw, which melodious strains,
Wherein the spirits of the dead revive,
And home and childhood have a dawning life,
Can often o'er a gentle nature bring?
With all that sound and scenery awake
Of purity and power?—Kind infidel!
I hail the doubt which thy stern answer proves;
Yet angels are there, watching o'er mankind
With tenderness and eyes of heavenly love.
The same who, when the world-awakening trump

Is sounded, shall untomb her treasured dead,
And bid the plunder'd Universe to blaze!

These agencies divine, how'er men veil
Their influence amid the thralling cares
Below, are often in their glorious range
Of wisdom, by the viewless Evil powers
Encounter'd with Defiance and Despair!
Visions of sunshine and of music made,
Where the full soul, embathed in melody,
Communes with seraph watchers, are of Heaven.
But whence that fancy-roll of billows, heard
In darkness, deluging the wilder'd brain
With hideous murmur? or those formless things
That hang and blacken o'er the shudd'ring frame?
Or whence that tongueless blasphemy of mind,

Making the heart to shiver, and the eye
To gaze behind, as though a prompting shape
Of evil stood there, muttering hell-framed words.
The fire,—the fury of appalling dreams,
Whence is it?—rend the veil, and ye would know,
Proud victims of an unbelieving heart,
That these are demon-haunters of the earth,
Who horrify the vision'd world of sleep,
And pall her midnight with infernal gloom.

Who wonders the dark mysteries of life
And hidden beings of unearthly power
Are smiled away for superstitious creed,
When He, the Ransomer of lost mankind,
Whose name a starry herald to the sage

Reveal'd, whose birth brought glory from the skies,
A blaze and chorus of seraphic joy,—
Who lived and bled upon this mortal scene,
To millions, less than many a hero seems ;
A mockery whom none but fools adore !

The Saviour, Son of the Most High, enthroned
Amid the Hallelujahs of the blest,
I saw Him ere the universe began ;
When space was worldless, luminously fill'd
With emanations of vast Deity ;
I saw Him when immensity His voice
Obey'd, and NOTHING startled into worlds * !

* His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things ; by whom also He made the worlds.—HEB. i. 2.

And did I not,—be witness, Powers inferne!—
Bear on my brow the lightnings that he wreak'd,
Because I would not to His Godhead bend?
Without Him, and this withering Earth had sunk
To Hell, for ever blasted by that word
Of vengeance which her frowning Maker spoke,
Who cannot His eternal nature change:
Immutable in majesty, the same
In sanction, the unalterably True.
And therefore by His attributes, the Law
When broken, should to violated Heaven
Atonement offer;—where the Sacrifice?
Till God for God, and Man for Man, appear'd.
In wondrous union of incarnate power,
Hung on the cross, and saved a guilty world!

I hate Him, and His everlasting cause,
The Church, upon the rock of ages rear'd,
His word, His truth, and heaven-directing sway ;
And soul by soul, and heart by heart, through light
And gloom, by land and isle, through life and
death,

'Mid all the legions of innumerable Powers
That on His ministry attend, and war *
For holiness—my hate shall dare Him still ;
Though Truth may vanquish, and the thrones
Of Darkness tremble with their last despair !

Too deep the vengeance of atoning blood

* Vide Chalmers' admirable "Discourse on the Contest for an Ascendancy over Man, amongst the Higher Orders of Intelligence."

On me shall come, for him to be forgot !
I hate Him for the ruin'd world he saved ;
And yet His glorious pilgrimage confess.
Sublime of martyrs ! in that dread career
What wonders hallow His remember'd way !
The blind awaken'd to the bliss of light,
The deaf and lame, the dying and the dead,
All yielding up infirmity to Him,
And putting on young attributes of life,—
Vain mortals, read and tremble ! Once the Sea,
That god and glory of the elements,
Obey'd His fiat, when a tempest rose,
Till waves, like living mountains leapt
In the wild majesty of midnight storm,
Mocking the haggard lightnings as they streak'd
The waters, in the fury of their flash !

Each billow was a tempest ; and the ship
Groan'd like a mariner at his last gasp ;
Up rose He in almightiness ! and bade
The whirlwinds into silence, and rebuked
The ocean, calming at his fearful glance !

And then His Passion, that tremendous scene
When Nature wrestled with her God ! And last,
The tragedy that made this Earth to quake !—
Men wonder if to angry overflow
The dark floods rise, if hurricanes be heard,
Or if the throbbing of an earthquake thrill
Their walls :—the sun in blackness, and the gloom,
The midnight awfulness o'er Calvary
Brooding,—coward Fancy should have seen ;
Have heard the cloven rock-piles as they burst,

The tombs unlock, and mark'd the solemn dead
In pallid stillness gliding through the town,
Like moon-clouds sailing o'er a midnight sky!

This grand array of miracles, this might-
And majesty of preternatural things,
Reveal'd in mercy, to arouse the World
To all her sanctities of word and deed,
Have,—hear it, demons! with exulting shout,
Fail'd! Long may Nature turn her slighting ear
To that true voice, which, since her reign began,
By lips divine, and that deep eloquence
Of life, when holiness the heart inspires,—
Hath testified that Virtue is supreme
Alone; and Vice the venom of the soul,
In every mood and temper of the time.

How strange, and yet how glorious 'tis to see,
That Evil charmeth with her sensual tone,
Though Mercy, like a sun-beam from the skies,
Her guiding ray is ever shedding down
On man's dim path, to lead him into good.
Why, what a host of unrepentant fools!
Who, flush in May-warm youth, begin
And end their days, in one self-wove deceit,
And consummate no dignity of soul;
But like the brutes, by whom the ministries
Of sky and air can only be adored,
Are epicures in outward bliss alone.
A royal race, true monarchs over time,
They crown themselves; and may such race endure!
By sense o'erwhelm'd, these dreamers have not
learn'd

From earthly soil no flowers of inward bliss
Perennial bloom ; they flourish in the mind
Alone ;—itself its own true happiness.
Of fancy and of fading vision born,
Such intellectual creed I call ; yet *know*,
The man of pleasure is the man of pain,
When parallel'd with him, whose watchful heart,
While true to Earth, is dedicate to Heaven.

Delusion is the soul of young desire.
Behold a vessel that has never braved
A sea : before her gallant bosom swells
A bright luxuriance of unbounded waves,
All sunny-crested, glowing like the noon.
No stormy menace in the welkin frowns,

Sea, shore, and sky, are in one mingled calm,
Loud, deep and full the voice of welcome rings,
Away she flies in glory o'er the deep,
Exulting in the wind! And this is Youth.
So bright the promise of Life's onward way:
Beneath the sunshine of fond hope awhile
The victim basks, drinks deep of every cup
Enchanting, feasts each faculty of sense,
And hails each hour the herald of new joy:
Thus on! as though unfading bliss were found,
Till weariness awake, the wing of joy
No longer o'er his soul a freshness wave,
And like the moody air, he often breathe
A sigh of sullenness around his path.
And now, the verdure of delight no more,

The heart uneasy, and the soul unsaved ;
With that dark fever of condemning thought,
Which conscience frets from out the sated mind,
As here the brute, and there the man, prevails,
Behold your slave of pleasure rot from year
To year ; obeying sin, yet feeling guilt,
The present darkness, and the past despair !

Of finer mould, and far sublimer view,
Whate'er his lot, on Fortune's envied mount
High-throned, or lost in the secluded vales
Of lowliness, is he whose hopes are built
In Heaven ; the hateful, but triumphant still !
Not all the pomp and pageantry of worlds
Reflect such glory on the eye supreme,
As the meek virtues of one holy man :

For ever doth his Angel from the face
Divine, beatitude and wisdom draw :
And in his prayer, what privilege adored !—
Mounting the heavens, and claiming audience there,
Yes ! there, amid a high immortal host
Of seraphs, hymning in eternal choir,
A lip of clay its orisons can send,
In temple, or in solitude, outbreathed.

And what the nature of such nobleness ?
One universal love, the source and end
Of true philosophy, within such heart
Must dwell, making the atmosphere of mind
All sympathy, wherein a good man breathes ;
A tear for sorrow, and a smile for joy,
Are ever his ; and thus existence spans.

A wider realm than the self-loving fill,
Whose region is their narrow selves. Not Man
Alone, the empire of his heart contains
In its free compass of embracing thought ;
E'en gentle nature wins a share of love ;
From the frail being of a lonely flower
By Earth forgot, in beautiful ascent
Up to the very clouds, that in the shine
Of Heaven seem bathing with voluptuous joy.
And here I face the triumph of a soul
In such fine overflow of sympathy,—
However spread, 'tis unpolluted still :
As sunshine in its beaming intercourse
With Earth, shines pure upon corrupted clay.

Then Virtue hath a loveliness, a calm

So fresh and full, a blessing and a hope,
And such elysium of contented thought,—
Rejoice I may, but ever wonder more,
To see her so forsaken. Her delights
Endure as rich above the hectic joys
The wicked and the worldly reap, as hues
Of Nature on the orient cheek of Youth,
Outbloom the artificial blush of Age :
They blossom in the wintry gloom of life
Unfadingly sincere.—Another source
Of Heaven, there opens on the virtuous mind,
That daunts me with a deep excess of good,—
That fellowship, which makes the past its own,
By following where the great and glorious dead
In bright precedence, charm'd the way. Whate'er
Is excellent and pure, such bliss creates ;

Art, Love, and Wisdom,—Nature and her scenes.

When in the coolness of declining day

As o'er the hilly woods brown Evening falls,

In haunts where Solitude hath breathed a soul

By Thought companion'd, oft the wand'rer feels

Such sympathy, the while of good and great

He thinks, who loved like him the lonely hour,

Still walks, and dreams, and meditative joy.—

And that prime bliss, perfection of delight,

Which is to ear what beauty is to thought,

Sweet melody,—methinks 'tis only toned

In its true heavenliness, to hallow'd minds* :

There how refreshingly must music flow,

* Plato says that music accustoms the mind to order, and thereby allures it to the love of virtue, which is nothing but moral order.

And faint into the soul!—as dewy sleep
Melts o'er the eyelids of a weary man.

These holy, yet another triumph crowns.
In woes, that blacken o'er the brightest lot,
How loftily above the bad they tower!
On whom, nor Faith, nor Resignation smiles:
Resourceless all, they madden, or despair;
Save when gay thoughts from gloomy moments spring,
As bright-leaved flowers that in the sunshine bloom,
Have out of damp and earthy darkness sprung.—
And such a life the virtuous seem to boast,
With gladness lighted, or by sorrow gloom'd,
Still wearing a contented smile, to meet
The Great Approver: like a placid stream

That in its meadowy pilgrimage still wears
The aspect of a full and gentle thing,
Alike where sun-beams laugh, or shadows frown.
And when the summons to a future state
Is heard, those hell-black shapings of despair,
Those clouds of horror which the wicked dread,
Melt in the brightness of a better world :
Thus, arm'd with faith in Him who vanquish'd death,
A wafting to the home, a union there
With angels bright, and beatific souls
Who erst have battled in the war of life,
Death comes, a herald from the waiting skies.

And such is Truth!—in Heaven and Hell the same.
Yea! Hate herself in agony avows,
That Virtue is triumphant, and the best :

Her glories are my tortures ; but they shine
Upon me, blasting with victorious light
The envy which I bear them, when I scan
The mazes of mortality.—How kind
In men, to aid the darkness that I bring
On fallen Nature ! heedful of the vile,
And damning all, I'd fain destroy. Thus Vice
In splendor will appear, while Virtue droops,
Like a lone shadow pining in the sun.
And never shall the Good the Bad exceed,
While Sin can put enchantment in her smile,
While Passions are the tyrants of the soul !

Thou dread Avenger ! ever-living One !
Lone Arbiter ! Eternal, Vast and True ;
The soul and centre of created things

In atoms or in worlds; around whose throne
Eternity is wheel'd; who look'st—and life
Appears; who frown'st — and life hath pass'd
away!

Thou God!—I feel Thine everlasting Curse,
Yet wither not: the lightnings of Thy wrath
Burn in my spirit, yet it shall endure
Unblasted,—that which cannot be extinct.

Thou sole Transcendency, and deep Abyss
From whence the universe of life was drawn!
Unutter'd is Thy nature; to Thyself alone
The fathom'd, proved, and comprehended God;
Though once the steep of Thine Almightyness
This haught, unbowing spirit would have climbed,
And sat beside thee, God with God enthroned,—

And vanquish'd, fell—Thy Might I'll not disclaim.
Immutable! Omnipotence is Thine;
Perfections, Powers, and Attributes unnamed
Attend Thee; Thou art All, and oh, how great
That consummation! Worlds to worlds
Repeat it, angels and archangels veil
Their wings, and shine more glorious at the sound;
Thus, Infinite and fathomless, Thou wert,
And art, and wilt be. In Thine awful blaze
Of majesty, amid empyreal pomp
Of Sanctities, chief Hierarch, I stood
Before Thy throne terrifically bright,
And heard the hymning thunders voice thy name,
While bow'd the Heavens, and echoed Deity!

Then heaved a dark and dreadless swell of pride

Within me ; an ambition, huge and high
Enough to overshadow The Supreme,
In full intensity before me tower'd,
And fronted pride against Omnipotence !
Thus rose the anarchy, the hell of war
Amid the skies ; then frown'd embattled hosts,
In unimaginable arms divine,—
But why recount it ?—we were disarray'd,
And sent in flaming whirlwinds to the deep
Tartarean, where my never-ending doom
Is Hell !—but Thou art Heaven, and Heaven is God.

And yet divided empire have I won.
Behold the havoc in Thy beauteous world !
And have I not, recount it, Space and Time !
Thy master-piece, creation's god of clay,

Dethroned from that high excellence he proved,
When first man walk'd a shadow of Thyself ?
Prostration vile, an alienate from Thee,
Man is ;—and shall his fallen nature rise,
Regain her height, and fill ethereal thrones ?
Many a cloud of evil shall be burst
Ere that day come ; severe and dread the strife
Of sullied nature with the soul of man !
Wherever localized, whate'er his creed,
Temptation, like a spirit, tracks his path,
Though every pang by sin produced, increase
The agonized Eternity I bear.
A doleful midnight to cerulean day
Is not more opposite, than I to Thee :
Thou art the Glorious, I the Evil One ;
Thou reign'st above ; my Kingdom is below ;

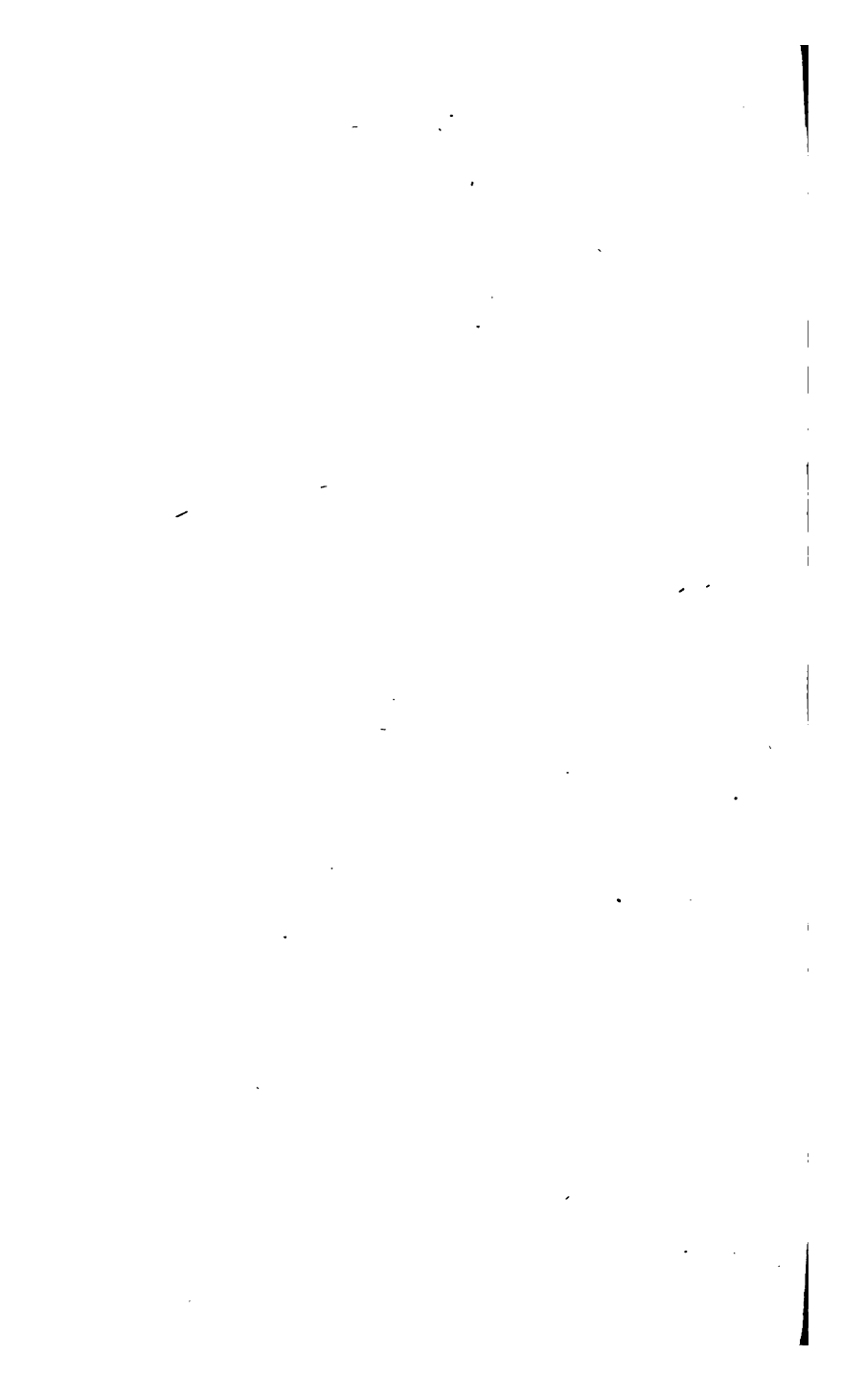
On earth, 'tis thine to succour and adorn
The soul, through Him the interceding Judge,
By thoughts divine, and agencies direct ;
To cheer the gentle, and reward the good,
And o'er the many waves and woes of life
To pour the sunshine of Almighty love :
'Tis mine to darken, wither, and destroy
Creation and her hopes,—to make them hell.

Then roll thee on, thou high and haughty World
And queen it bravely o'er the universe !
Still be thy sun as bright, thy sea as loud
In her sublimity, thy floods and winds
As potent, and thy lording elements
As vast in their creative range of power,
As each and all have ever been : build thrones,

And empires, heap the mountain of thy crimes,
Be mean or mighty, wise or worthless still,—
Yet I am with thee! and my power shall reign
Until the trumpet of thy doom be heard,
Thine ocean vanish'd, and thy heavens no more!
Till thou be tenantless, a welt'ring mass
Of fire, a dying and dissolving world:
And then, Thy hidden lightnings are unsheath'd,
O God! the thunders of Despair shall roll;
Mine hour is come, and I am wreck'd of all,
All, save Eternity, and *that* is mine.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND,

NOTES TO BOOK II.



NOTES.

NOTE, page 114.

*Of imperfection is their wisdom born,
And highest knowledge, ignorance confess'd.*

It is to the imperfection of our faculties, then, as forcing us to guess and explore what is half concealed from us, that we owe our laborious experiments and reasoning, and consequently all the science which is the result of these; and the proudest discoveries which we make, thus, in one point of view, whatever dignity they may give to a few moments of our life, may be considered as proofs and memorials of our general weakness.—*Brown's Philosophy* : Lecture XI.

NOTE, page 117.

How widely,—let the sunless Angels speak!

Having, in several parts of this Poem, alluded to spiritual agencies and ministeries, the author begs leave to offer the following body of evidence, which has been collected with some

care and research, from the pages of our early divines, down to the most distinguished theologians of the present era. Considered of themselves,—without a reference to the *Scriptural authority* for their active influence over human affairs,—a belief in Guardian and Evil Angels seems peculiarly adapted to adorn and solemnize a poetical creed.* But, authorized by the relations of the inspired volume, the subject advances to something beyond the mere romance of poetry. And it is in this latter view the passages about to be quoted were written. And let it be remembered that they are the opinions of no shallow thinkers, or impertinent dabblers; but the solemn convictions of great minds and comprehensive understandings; and are drawn from the *true and only* authority for such matters,—The Bible.

ON GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
MILTON, *Par. Lost*, B. 4th, l. 677.

EXTRACTS FROM THE *Fathers of the Christian Church.*

“ Let us consider the whole multitude of his angels, how ready they stand to minister unto his will, as saith the Scripture. ‘ Thousands of thousands stood before him, and ten thousand times ten thousand ministered unto him—and they cried, saying, Holy! Holy! Holy! is the Lord of Sabaoth—the whole earth is full of his glory.’ ”

Written about An. Dom. 70, by St. Clement to the Corinthians.

“ For even I myself, though I am in bonds, yet am not therefore able to understand heavenly things, as to the places (orders) of the angels, and the several companies of them under their respective princes. Things visible and invisible—but I am in these yet a learner.”—*St. Ignatius' Epistle to the Trallians.*

Ignatius was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, and by tradition, re-

* See Dryden's “ Discourse ; ” where this doctrine is elegantly and powerfully advocated.

ported to have been the child our Saviour took into his arms, Matt. xviii. 3, and to have been thence called Theophorus.

“Take heed therefore lest, falling asleep in our sins, the *wicked one* getting the dominion over us, stir us up, and shut us out of the kingdom of the Lord.”

Epistle of St. Barnabas, the companion of St. Paul.

“Stand fast therefore ye that work righteousness, and continue to do it, that your departure may be with the holy angels.”

“There are two angels with man, one of righteousness, the other of iniquity.”

The Shepherd of Hermas.

The following Extract from Bishop Patrick includes many of the Opinions of the Ancient Church:—

“I find it the constant opinion of the world that these angels are assigned to several offices, and preside even over all creatures here below. There being some who are not only *ἰφαιροι των ἰθῶν*, as Moses speaks, the guardians of the several nations of the world, but *των κοσμιων στοιχειων*, conservators, and keepers of the elements of the world, as Arethas speaks and concludes, from Rev. xiv. 18, where you read of an angel that had power over the fire—and from xvi. 5, where you read of an angel of the waters.

“Hence, he thinks, we have sufficient ground to believe that some have the command over the air, others over the water, others over the earth, and others of the fire, and so proportionably, that some have the care of one species of creatures amongst us, and some of another, nothing doubting but that they have a more special superintendency over mankind, the chief of God’s works in this inferior world—and more particularly take care of those who are good and fear God as the most worthy of all men and the nearest to the Angelical world; and, whatsoever question we may make of the rest of their belief, we cannot doubt—if we believe the Holy Scriptures, of the truth of the last part of it, that there are some of those excellent beings are ministers of God for the good of men, and especially of those who believe. This the Christian religion hath above all others assured us of; we have the word of the blessed apostles for it, that they are ‘ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.’ Nay the words of our Lord and Master; that the angels, even of the weakest Christians, behold the face of God in heaven.

“These high officers of Almighty God, Gregory Nazianzen calls *λαμπροτητις δευτερας λειτουργου της πρωτης λαμπροτητος*,—secondary splendours, the ministers and attendants of the First Brightness.

“They attend upon God to receive his commandments for the good of our

outward man, being the most noble of all God's visible works upon this earth, but most especially for the good of our spirits, which are far more dear both to Him and to them, as nearer of kin to celestial beings."

"St. Basil declares that *πᾶσι πιστωμένοις τῶν κυρίων ἀγγέλους παρέδραται*, &c. To every one who believeth on the Lord, (that is, every Christian) there is an angel that is his companion, and as one may call him, his assistant genius.

"If thou hast any good works in thy soul worthy of angelical custody and security, God will give thee this guard, and even wall thee round about with a great many angels; rather than it should be spoiled; and so he saith upon another Psalm, 'to every one of the faithful there is *ἀγγέλος παρεξουγμένος*, an angel yoked together with him, who is worthy to behold the face of God in Heaven: nay, he quotes these very words in his third Book against Eunomius to prove it, that every faithful person hath an angel for his companion, who is, as it were, his governor, tutor, and keeper, directing and guiding his life, and adds, *οὐδὲς ἀντιρεῖ*,—no man gainsays this, being mindful of the words of our Lord, saying, 'despise not one of these little ones, for their angels always behold the face of their Father which is in heaven.' And therefore the author of the questions and answers to the Orthodox (under the name of Justin Martyr) asserting this opinion, that every man is attended with a guardian angel, confidently adds, *καθὼς ἡ θεία γραφή λέγει*, according as the divine writing tells us: and St. Jerome, upon these words of our Saviour, cries out, Great is the dignity of souls, who have from their birth *Angelum delegatum*, a delegate angel, commissioned from heaven for their custody.

"Now we meet with these two characters of the Devil in Holy Writ, that he is a murderer, and that he is a liar. As he is a murderer, seeking the destruction of men, he doth all the mischief he can both to men's bodies and to their minds. As he is a liar, he seeks only to deceive, abuse, and destroy the mind. For the hurt that this murderer doth to their bodies, it is either in men's private capacities, by troubling the air, bringing diseases and infections, when God permits him, raising storms and tempests and such like things: or in their public capacity, stirring up the spirit of ambitious, haughty, covetous, and cruel men to oppress and enslave others, to make unnecessary wars, to fill the world with rapine, slaughter, and blood, to overturn kingdoms, and to turn the world upside down. Then for their minds he doth them no small prejudice, even by those wars and tumults in which one's sin is wont to follow upon the neck of another. And besides, we may conceive that he instigates men to all sorts of villainies, according as he finds them inclined. He inflames their brutish desires, he

pricks forward their pride and love of dominion, he stimulates their revenge, he heightens their choler and rage, and works upon all their other passions; so that he is the furtherer of adulteries and all filthiness, the great provoker to murders, thefts, robberies, violence, deceit, and fraud, and all other wickedness, that if it were possible, there might be a hell above ground, and he might be the God of this world.

“Then for the other thing, as he is a liar, his business is to cheat and delude men’s minds with false opinions, to propagate all the foolish conceits and lewd doctrines that he can invent, to lead men to epicurism and atheistical conclusions, or else to abuse and gull their minds with fancies and vain dreams which they shall glory in as the very revelation of Almighty God: from all which I think we may safely draw this inference, that as the Devil and his partakers seek whom in this manner they may devour, so the holy angels seek how they may save and deliver men from these mischiefs. And as I have shown you that they are the preservers of men’s bodies, so I shall now make it appear that they are instruments of good to our souls, because they love their welfare, and they are the lovers of truth and piety, and seek the promotion of the faith of Jesus Christ in sincerity. This is one great commendation which St. Peter gives of the gospel revelation, ‘that the angels desire to look into these things,’ 1 Pet. i. 12. And St. Paul saith, ‘it hath pleased God to gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth.’ Eph. i. 10. To make us all that is but one society, under one supreme governor, the Lord’s Christ.”

Bishop Patrick’s Sermons, Ed. 1719.

“La vue des bons Anges (disoit St. Antoine à ses disciples) n’apporte aucun trouble, leur présence est douce et tranquille; elle comble l’ame de joie, et lui inspire de la confiance. Ils font concevoir un tel amour des choses divines, qu’on voudroit quitter la vie pour les suivre dans sa bienheureuse éternité. Au contraire, l’apparition des mauvais Anges remplit de trouble. Ils se présentent avec bruit; ils jettent l’ame dans une confusion de pensées, ou dans une frayeur qui la déconcerte. Ils dégoutent de la pratique des vertus, et rendent l’ame inconstante dans ses résolutions.”

Godscard, Vie de St. Antoine.

“O how happy wouldest thou most justly think thyself, couldest thou but see with the eyes of thy mind those solemn rejoicings above, wherein the mystical and most magnificent sense of the Psalmist’s description—‘the princes go before, the instruments follow after, and in the midst are the damsels playing with their instruments.’ Then wouldest thou plainly discover and be abundantly convinced that there are numbers of these bright spirits which do with

wondrous watchfulness and satisfaction rejoice with the congregations of good Christians in their praises, and observe their behaviour, and their prayers, and are present with their pious meditations, and keep guard about them in their sleep and solitude, and direct and preserve the governors of our Church in the exercise of their spiritual authority. For this is sure, that the heavenly powers have a very tender regard for their fellow citizens upon earth, and being 'all ministering spirits sent out to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation,' we have no cause to doubt that they are very solicitously concerned for the good of their charge, that they conceive a sensible joy at it—that they strengthen, instruct, protect, and take all the care they can of them in order to obtain it. In doing so, indeed, they study to promote, not our happiness only, but their own. For they long earnestly for our safe arrival in those blessed regions, as hoping to see the breaches made upon their glorious society repaired, and the numbers of their fallen brethren recruited by the succession of redeemed souls in their places. They delight to hear of good men. They fly upon despatches between God and us, and are the messengers and instruments by which our requests and holy sighs are carried up to God—and the graces and blessings he gives in return to those prayers and complaints conveyed down to us."

St. Bernard's Book of the Soul, chap. 6.

"The fall of angels therefore was pride. Since their fall their practices have been the clean contrary unto those before mentioned, for being dispersed, some in the air, some in the earth, some in the water, some among the minerals, dens, and caves that are under the earth, they have by all means laboured to effect an universal rebellion against the laws, and as far as in them lieth, utter destruction of the works of God."

Hooker's Ecc. Polity. B. 1.

"How often are men impelled by certain unaccountable persuasions either to do, or to forbear, a thing upon which (as afterwards appeared by the event) the whole fortune of their lives have turned? Unaccountable, I say, must these persuasions be unless we refer them to some higher cause, and to what cause can we better ascribe them than to the suggestions of angels?"

Bishop Conybeare's Sermon.

"The Scripture doctrine of Satan makes it probable, that many of those horrible thoughts which sometimes come with an almost irresistible impetus into the minds of pious persons, are of diabolical original, which is in some measure confirmed by what has been observed of the subtlety with which

atheistical and sceptical arguments have sometimes been presented to the mind, even beyond the natural genius of the person assaulted by them.

“There is no greater evidence of the degeneracy which a rational mind, even with great degrees of sagacity and ability, is capable of, than the implacable malice of those wicked spirits, and the obstinate malignity with which they are opposing the course of God in the world, though they are sure that opposition will end in their own confusion and ruin.” *See Doddridge's Lectures.*

“As I am not a Sadducee—the account you give of the music which entertained you on the road, does not put my dependence upon your veracity, or your judgment to any trial. We live upon the confines of the invisible world, or rather, perhaps, in the midst of it. That unseen agents have a power of operating upon our minds, at least, upon that mysterious faculty we call the imagination, is with me not merely a point of opinion, or even of faith, but of experience. That evil spirits can, when permitted, disturb, distress, and defile us, I know as well as I know that the fire can burn me; and though their interposition is perhaps more easily and certainly distinguishable, yet, from analogy, I conclude that good spirits are equally willing and equally able to employ their kind offices for our relief and comfort; nor have any a right to withhold their assent to what the scriptures teach, and many sober persons declare, of this inviolable agency, merely because we cannot answer the questions *How?* or *Why?* The thing may be certain, though we cannot easily explain it, and there may be just and important reasons for it, though we should not be able to assign them.”

Rev. John Newton's Letters.

“To the nature of their (angels') ministry the testimonies are still more explicit and numerous. For greatly do those men wrong the zeal, and greatly do they undervalue the happiness of angels, who dream that the first is suffered to evaporate in incense and adoration and never-ending minstrelsy—or that the second consists in luxurious ease alone amid the groves of Paradise, or the splendours of the empyrean. Heaven has, no less than earth, its active duties. The blessedness of heaven is an useful and energetic blessedness—and they who are sometimes painted as feasting in the kingdom and enjoying the presence of their Maker, are at others described as engaged in battle with the great dragon and his adherents; as stopping, in the cause of the saints, the mouths of lions, and subduing the violence of fire; as keeping guard round the prophets of the Lord, and as bearers of his orders to them; as ministering to the Sower of God after his temptation, and in the hour of his mortal agony consoling and sustaining him; as anxious and exulting witnesses of the progress of his kingdom upon earth—

as calling the Gentile Cornelius to be the first-fruits of Christian adoption; as smiting with an invisible sword the arrogant and persecuting Herod, and breaking down before the apostle Peter the chains and gates of his captivity.

"Of some one or more celestial spirits (if our hearts be right with God) we are assured that we shall obtain the protection: and do not those hearts burn within us when we read of these mighty beings mingling in the converse, assuming the forms, and partaking of the hospitality of mortals—when we learn that not a sinner repents on earth, but the angels rejoice in Heaven—that the celestial warriors encamp not only round the houses of the prophets, but around the person and property of every servant of the Almighty—that even the weakest and humblest believer is an object of interest to those who are themselves privileged to behold the face of their *Heavenly Father*, and that the death-bed struggle ended (and who knows how greatly their unseen presence may support us under it?) it is they who carry the soul of the humblest saint to paradise.

"*All these things* are written for our instruction.

"They are not the minority who devote themselves to the service, and submit themselves to the reproach of their Redeemer. His flock may seem in the world which now is—'a little one,' but 'other sheep there are which are not of this fold'—and when the seats are full in the marriage supper of the Lord, and when the new heaven and new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness, have received, in the day of his power, their holy and happy multitude, we shall understand how few in comparison have been the clamorous adversaries, which in this life disturbed our repose: * *how blind the cowardice which with angels on our side would have turned back, in the day of battle.*

Bishop Heber's Sermon on Good Angels,

* "When we are speaking of the Devil, we are not to understand any one particular being, or any one particular evil spirit, but the whole aggregate or company of evil spirits, which inhabit round about us in the lower regions of the air. All these are in the Scripture language, and in common speech, called by the name of the Devil. That, nevertheless, there is one person peculiarly and by way of eminence, thus called, as the general of a hostile army is called, 'the enemy,' is plain from St. Matt. xxv. 41, Rev. xii. 9. 'Inter impuros spiritus unum esse qui president et Judæorum et Apostolorum scripta nos docent, Grotius.'"—*Note to Sermon IV.*

An extract from Chalmers's Discourse, "*On the Contest for an Ascendancy over Man, amongst the Higher Orders of Intelligence,*" will form an appropriate conclusion to this long, but it is hoped not unimportant or uninteresting, note.

"To an infidel ear, all this carries the sound of something wild and visionary along with it. But though only known through the medium of revelation, after it is known, who can fail to recognise its harmony with the great lineaments of human experience? Who has not felt the workings of a rivalry within him, between the power of conscience and the power of temptation? Who does not remember those seasons of retirement, when the calculations of eternity had gotten a momentary command over the heart; and time, with all its interests and all its vexations, had dwindled into insignificance before them? And who does not remember, how upon his actual engagement with the objects of time, they resumed a control, as great and omnipotent, as if all the importance of eternity adhered to them—how they emitted from them such an impression upon his feelings, as to fix and to fascinate the whole man into a subserviency to their influence; how in spite of every lesson of their worthlessness brought home to him at every turn by the rapidity of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of life, and the ever-moving progress of his own earthly career, and the visible ravages of death among his acquaintances around him, and the desolations of his family, and the constant breaking up of his system of friendships, and the affecting spectacle of all that lives and is in motion, withering and hastening to the grave: oh! how comes it that in the face of all this experience, the whole elevation of purpose, conceived in the hour of his better understanding, should be dissipated and forgotten? Whence the might, and whence the mystery of that spell which so binds and so infatuates us to the world? What prompts us so to embark the whole strength of our eagerness and of our desires, in pursuit of interests which we know a few little years will bring to utter annihilation? Who is it that imparts to them all the charm and all the colour of an unfailing durability? Who is it that throws such an air of stability over these earthly tabernacles, as makes them look to the fascinated eye of man, like resting-places for eternity? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceived imagination, that in looking onward through our earthly career, it appears like the vista, or the perspective of innumerable ages? HE WHO IS CALLED THE GOD OF THIS WORLD."

NOTE, page 143.

*An Atheist,—he hath never faced an hour,
And not belied the name he bore. His doubt
Is darkness, from the unbelieving Will
Begot.*

“Christianity is not a Theory, or a Speculation ; but a *Life*. Not a *Philosophy* of Life, but a Life and a living Process. TRY IT. It has been eighteen hundred Years in existence: and has one Individual left a record, like the following?—‘ I tried it ; and it did not answer. I made the experiment faithfully according to the directions ; and the result has been, a conviction of my own credulity.’ Have you, in your own experience, met with any one in whose words you could place full confidence, and who has seriously affirmed, ‘ I have given Christianity a fair trial. I was aware that its promises were made only *conditionally* ; but my heart bears me witness, that I have to the utmost of my power complied with these conditions. Both outwardly and in the discipline of my inward acts and affections, I have performed the duties which it enjoins, and I have used the means which it prescribes. Yet my Assurance of its truth has received no increase. Its promises have not been fulfilled ; and I repent me of my delusion !’ If neither your own experience nor the history of almost two thousand years has presented a single testimony to this purport ; and if you have read and heard of many who have lived and died bearing witness to the contrary ; and if you have yourself met with some *one*, in whom on any other point you would place unqualified trust, who has on his own experience

made report to you, that ' he is faithful who promised, and what he promised he has proved himself able to perform : ' *is it bigotry, if I fear that the Unbelief, which prejudices and prevents the experiment, has its source elsewhere than in the uncorrupted judgment ; that not the strong free Mind, but the enslaved Will, is the true original Infidel in this instance ?* It would not be the first time, that a treacherous Bosom-Sin had suborned the Understandings of men to bear false witness against its avowed Enemy, the right though unreceived Owner of the House, who had long *warned it out*, and waited only for its ejection to enter and take possession of the same."

NOTE, page 145.

To him, Philosophy will preach in vain.

" The arguments commonly termed Metaphysical, on this subject, I have always regarded as absolutely void of force, unless in as far as they proceed on a tacit assumption of the physical argument. . . . The universe is that which shows the existence of the Author of the universe. It exhibits a harmony of relations, to perceive which is to perceive design ; that is to say, it is impossible for us to perceive them, without feeling, immediately, that the harmony of parts with parts, and of their results with each other, must have its origin in some DESIGNING MIND."—BROWN'S *Philosophy* : Lecture XCIII.

NOTE, page 152.

*Oh, did the living but the dead recall
As often as the dead the living do,
The sun would gaze upon a purer world
Than now.*

“ It is reasonable to believe that the Saints shall know that they had such and such a relation to one another when they were on earth. The father shall know that such a one was his child ; the husband shall remember that such a one was his wife ; &c. The ground of which assertion is this, that the soul of man is of that nature that it depends not on the body and sense ; and, therefore, being separated, knows all that she knew in the body : and, for the same reason, it is not to be doubted that she arrives in the other world with the same designs and inclinations she had here. So that the delights of conversation are still continued in heaven. Friends and relations are familiar with one another, and call to mind their former circumstances and concerns in the world, so far as they may be serviceable to advance their happiness. The truth of what I say, concerning this knowledge and remembrance of things in the state of glory, may receive some confirmation from that history in Matt. xvii. 3, &c. where we read, that in that glorious interview, which was a glimpse of heaven, the Apostles knew Moses and Elias, and these knew them, though none of them had seen one another before. Much more, then, shall those Spirits who were intimately acquainted with

one another on Earth, retain their acquaintance and converse in Heaven, and call to mind the passages of their lives. But there is irrefragable proof of this in Luke xvi. 25 : ' Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things.' And it is as true that Lazarus *remembered* him at the same time. Whence I gather that the knowledge and memory of things done here remain hereafter. And, particularly, that the *damned know* and remember that they have relations on earth, is evident from the rich man's being concerned for his father's house and his five brethren ; 27th and 28th verse. It is not to be questioned, then, that the blessed, likewise, call to mind those that were related to them, and that they are concerned for their good and welfare ; and when they meet them in Heaven, greet them most kindly, and hold commerce with them, and recall the passages of their former conversation. All the ancient and pious fathers agree in this. St. Cyprian owns that our parents, brethren, children, and near relations, expect us in Heaven, and are solicitous for our good. St. Jerome comforts a lady on this account, that we shall see our friends and know them. St. Augustine endeavours to mitigate the sorrow of an Italian widow with this consideration, that she shall be restored to her husband, and behold and know him. And this was an apprehension that the thinking men among the Pagans had attained to. Socrates, a little before he drank his deadly draught, told his friends how valuable a thing it was to have conference in the other life with Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, Hesiod, and other brave men ;—how happy he should be in their society ;—and he often wished to depart out of this world, that he might

enjoy the conversation of those excellent persons."—Dr. JOHN EDWARDS'S *Theologia Reformata*.

NOTE, page 163.

A moral balance rules the tide of things.

In a work * lately published, and which evidences an able mind, that has thought for itself, the momentous and deeply interesting doctrine of a Moral Balance is discussed with great clearness and originality. As few of his readers may have seen this Essay, the author ventures to submit the following paragraphs, and to recommend the whole volume to their perusal :—

“ The greatest of all luxuries is that of faith in what may be called a moral balance, even in the affairs of this world. If we add to this the other and still more important faith, as to eternity, we shall pass through life, with no more mental suffering, in our worst days, than may be necessary to wean us from it, and so to make the prospect of death endurable, and with a consciousness of luxury, at other times, far exceeding all other, as to permanence, security, and true elevation. This faith is, that evil produces evil, even in this world, in one shape or other, to those who practise it ; and that good produces good ; no other cases than those of instant dissolution, in either

* WHAT IS LUXURY? By a Lay Observer.

practice, being destined to the single retribution of a future state.

“ To explain our meaning by an instance, let it be supposed, that a man, arriving in London from some distant county, finds his way into a room filled with gold coins, the owners of which have suddenly but entirely left the apartment; that he is aware of this, and also that no other person is so; that he has a certainty of being personally known to no one, within hundreds of miles; that his absence from his own home will be imputed to a visit, such as he has been accustomed to make, to some intermediate place; and that, after this and other considerations, he feels a perfect assurance of his being able to take away what sums he pleases and to carry them home, without a possibility of discovery by any human being. What we call faith in the moral balance of human affairs, is, that this man, supposing him to forget, for the moment, his eternal interests, shall be fully confident of its being his wisest conduct, his best policy, even as far as regards this world only, to withdraw from the room, without touching the gold, being sure, that, after taking it, the retribution of some preponderating evil would reach him here, and that, not taking it, he will receive some far more than adequate recompense. Of the latter, indeed, he will instantly have some foretaste, in the state of his mind. This is our proposition, which we have endeavoured to make as comprehensive as possible, that we may not be encountered by questions as to its extent.

“ The means by which the moral balance operates are, of course, *not always* visible. We should not be merely human, we should not be in a state of probation, if we could see them all; we should so have no opportunity for faith. Yet, as if to

guide us to this duty, some of these means are rendered perceptible. The intencacy of villainy (that phrase being used in want of a better) is well known to be the main security of the worthy part of society ; but it is not always viewed in its true light, as a dispensation of PROVIDENCE ; in other words, as one part of the moral balance. The wicked are as incapable of a permanent union as some physical bodies of meeting, without repelling each other. This is one of their long known predicaments."

NOTE, page 167.

*While they, whose words are wisdom to the pure,
Rise dimly vision'd on th' historic page,
Where infamy in glowing language lives.*

Biography may too often apply to herself the speech of *Bossola*, in Webster's *DUCHESS OF MALFY*,—"My trade is to flatter the dead." The "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a bad motto, and worse morality. Cowley's remarks might be advantageously remembered in historical analyses of human character—"When we fix any infamy on deceased persons, it should not be done out of any hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living."—*Essays*, vol. i.

NOTE, page 172.

*And now, there is an animating throë,
An energy, and daringness of thought,
Awaken'd like one mighty pulse, through lands
And isles, remotely set in ocean gloom.*

“A new state of mind and feeling is obviously coming upon mankind, the effects of which can scarcely yet be calculated. But they will far exceed what took place on the diffusion of the Reformation, and can only be compared with those which the introduction of Christianity produced.”—SEARON TURNER.

NOTE, page 174.

—— *hint they not an awful shade
Of mystery unreveal'd, yet claiming dreams
Of reverential awe.*

“Horace looks upon it as the last effort of philosophical fortitude, to behold, *without terror and amazement*, this immense and glorious fabric of the Universe :—

‘Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti spectant.’—

But the Scripture alone can supply ideas answerable to the majesty of this subject.”—BURKE *on the Sublime and Beautiful*, Sect. 5, Part ii.

NOTE, page 175.

— *men become idolaters to sight,
Naming all else the nothingness of dreams.*

“ We are conversant in the corporeal world from our infancy. Sensible objects make such early, repeated, strong impressions, that it is sometimes difficult to let in, upon a mind already immersed in MATTER, one thought concerning immaterial Beings, through an immoderate fear of SUPERSTITION. For men talk and write, as if THAT were the only evil to be dreaded at present. We run into Sadducism; and lest we should suppose any INVISIBLE BEING *immediately* concerned, we assign visible causes, which are plainly unequal to the effect produced.”—SEED.

NOTE, page 181.

— *there are demon-haunters of the earth,
Who horrify the vision'd world of sleep,
And pall her midnight with infernal gloom.*

There is a sublime passage on this mysterious subject, in Jeremy Taylor's Funeral Sermon on the Countess of Carbery. After saying that “ there are Sickesses that walk in darkness,” he adds, “ there are exterminating Angels that fly, wrapt up in the curtains of immateriality and an uncommunicating nature; whom we cannot see, but we feel their force, and sink under their sword.”

In beautiful contrast to the above, may be quoted the eloquent Chalmers' passage in his discourse "*On the Sympathy that is felt for Man in the distant Places of Creation:*"—

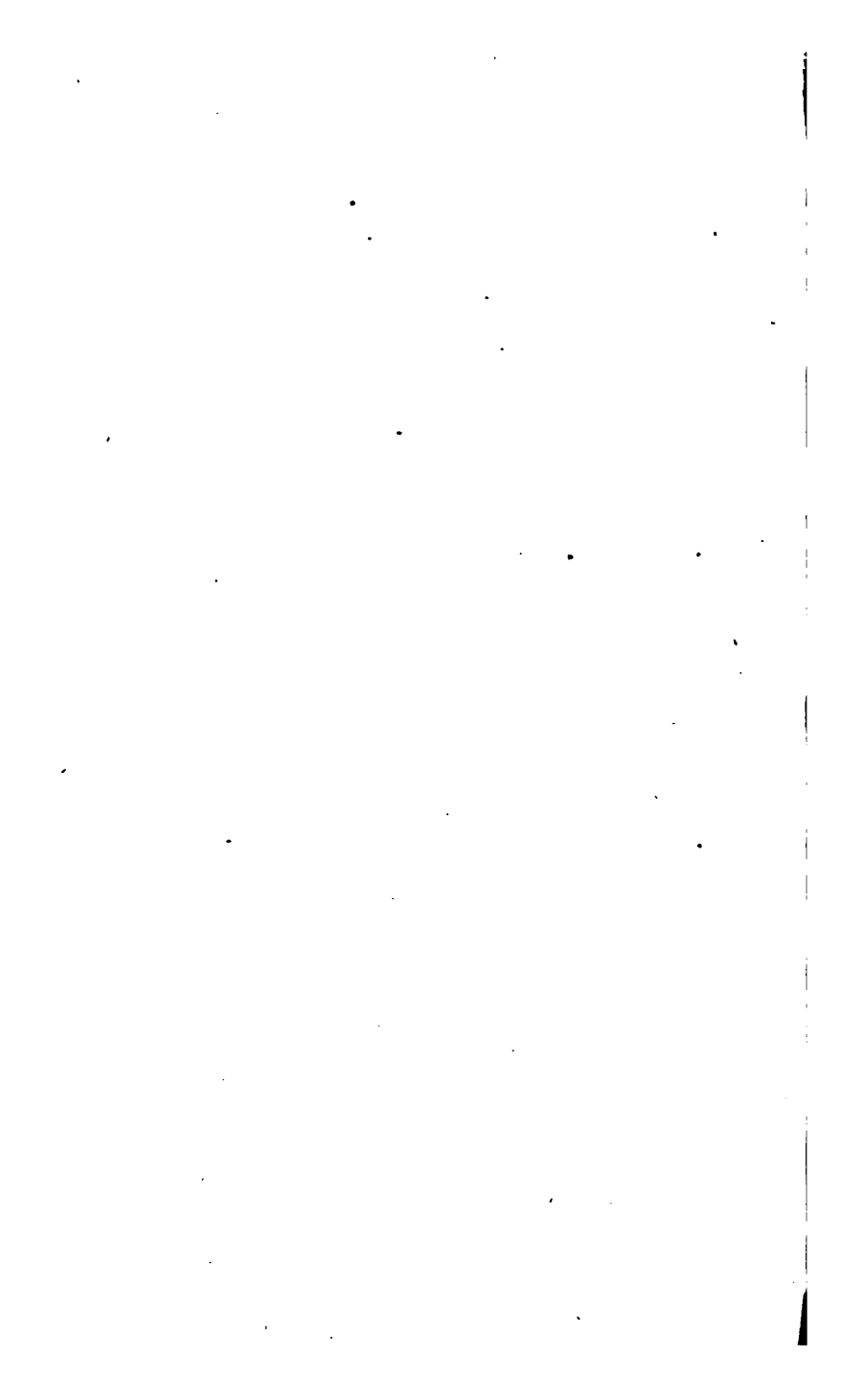
"I can say it of the humblest and unworthiest of you all, that the eye of angels is upon him, and that his repentance would, at this moment, send forth a wave of delighted sensibility throughout the mighty throng of their innumerable legions."



S A T A N.

—

BOOK III.



S A T A N.

BOOK III.

“This royal throne of kings, this sceptre'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,—
England!”

How gloriously the festive bells resound !
Pealing their gladness through the azure night,
As though the triumph of ten thousand hearts
In full-voiced chorus shook the starry air,
And made it joyous music ! Now they swell
Aloft, in one tempestuous wave of sound,

Then faintly die, like war-notes on the wind,
Then on again! with an ecstatic roar,
Thrilling the empire with a brave delight.

England hath laid her sceptre on the deep,
And with her thunder, chased her ocean-foes
Like leaves before the breathing of a blast!
England hath rear'd her banners on the plain
Of battle, Victory waved them, and the world
Again shall echo with her haughty name.
And hence, a stormy rapture shakes the isle;
Hence the loud music of her hollow fanes,
Whether in cities emulously tower'd
Among the skies, or in lone hamlets seen,—
Still pouring out the language of the land;
With all those pageantries, and fiery pomps

That hang and glitter from her window'd piles,
Emblazed with mottoes, and triumphal scenes.

Not one, to whom the name of country clings
With spelling fondness, but this hour adores.
The old men feel the sunshine of far youth
Returning, fresh as when the hero glow'd.
The young,—lip, eye, and daring heart, are stirr'd;
Their very blood seems rippled with delight,
So deep the fulness of this warlike joy.
Yea, hollow cheeks of Sadness, and the brows
Of Poverty, and lean-faced Want itself,
Forget their nature in a share of fame!
And yet, most hideous are some human shapes
That revel near me, by a tow'ring blaze
Of triumph; as it flings its glaring life

Upon their faces, each óne gleams beneath
The mock'ry, like a wither'd pile, when Noon
In bright derision dances o'er the walls.

Let Fancy to a distance wing her flight,
And learn the glory whence this scene is born.
How Sorrow treads upon the heels of Joy!
What puts a smile on some great Empire's cheek,
Hath wrung the life-blood from another's heart ;
While one is rev'ling with delighted roar,
Another wailleth to the moan of knells ;
So seems the world a round of joy and woe,
Alike divided for the doom of things.

Hither, thou frantic Bacchanal ! whose voice
Rings loudest, stand upon the hoof-scarr'd heath,

And say if Heaven on such a scene can smile.
Here, deep as in thine own exulting land,
Night reigns ; but not with noon-like azure crown'd,
While starry sympathies, all gaily bright,
Look down on gladness : but with sullen calm,
Where Weariness hath toned the wind, and stars
Are mournful watchers o'er the trodden dead,
In tombless havoc weltering on the plain.
Each heart that's cold, to other hearts was chain'd,
Whose links were out of years of fondness framed.
Each eye, now darken'd with eclipsing death,
Once beam'd the sun of happiness and home ;
Each of the dead hath flung a shade o'er life,
Henceforth to be a feast for agony.
Mark ! where the moon her glimm'ring languor
throws,

What death-romance! what visions of the slain!—

One, calmly brow'd, as though his native trees

Had waved their beauty o'er his dying head;

Another, marr'd with agonizing lines,

And dreams of home, yet ling'ring in his face.

Now go, and sing the splendor of the war!

Go, tell the fortress of the brave and free,

How beautiful her patriotic roar

Of Vict'ry, shouting o'er the new-made dead,

Like Madness, when she hoots a murd'rous joy:

So shall a war-fame flourish ever green,

And laurell'd History be trumpet-tongued,

To fire Ambition with a bloody thirst,

And keep the world a slaughter-house for man!

And this is glory! such as charms these days,

When godly temples stare in every street ;
When Tenderness, with a bewailing lip,
For ages of barbaric gloom affects
A wonder :—how the heart its flatt'ry weaves ;
Of proud Deception, or applauding Thought,
The victim ever, in its wariest mood.—
To be the bulwark of a land beloved,
And drive Aggression with avenging sword
From her indignant shore, doth task renown.
But say, Thou Centre of created life,
Who charter'd man, and bade thy heavens to smile
When from his eye outlook'd the living God !
What myriads upon myriads heap'd, to fill
The circle of ambitious thought, or please
Some royal dreamer, who would dash a throne
To hear his trumpets pealing through the world,—

On hill and plain, and ocean's ravening waves,
The red libation of their hearts have pour'd !
But this is kingly ;—so let tyrants dream ;
Nor round their pillows may one death-cry ring ;
The day, when dust shall give her monarchs back,—
Methinks I see it, and the fiery glance
Of Judgment, scathing many a royal soul !
And then, Eternity, thou sightless home,
Though silent now, the dead shall be thy voice.

The night hath drowsed, the revelry is o'er,
And Nature woos me. Through the orient heaven
A dawn advances, like a shining sea ;
Around, in rich transcendency of beams,
Enormous fantasies of waking light,
As foam'd from a volcano's fiery lips,—

Now welter forth, then wanton, and dissolve ;
For lo ! array'd in clouds of crimson bloom,
The sun-faced Morn comes gliding o'er the waves,
That billow dancingly to wear her smile,
And veils the world with glory ! Rocks and hills
Salute her with magnificence ; the woods
And plains are mantled with their greenest pomp,
And night-tears glisten in her rosy beam.
But in yon valleys, where from bosom'd cots,
Like morning incense, wreathy smoke ascends,
How beautiful the flush of life ! The birds
Are wing'd for heaven, and steep the air in song,
While in the gladness of the new-born breeze
The young leaves flutter, and the flow'rets shake
Their innocence and bloom. And ye, bright streams,
Ye woodland vagrants, humming to the wind,

In vine-like flexure, how ye rove along
By mead and bank, where violets love to dwell
In solitude and stillness : all is fresh,
And gaysome. Now the peasant, with an eye
Bright as the noon-ray sparkling through a shower,
Comes forth, and carols in thy warming beam,
Thou sky-god ! throned in all thy wealth of light ;
Sure airy painters have enrich'd thy sphere
With regal pageantry ; such cloudy pomps
Adorn the heavens, a poet's eye would dream
His ancient gods had all return'd again,
And hung their palaces around the sun !

And this is England, bathed in morning glow :
The isle where Freedom bears a lion mien,
The land whose echoes thrill the Earth around,

The ocean-throned, the ancient battle-famed,
The charter'd clime of Heaven! And in her lap
Enchantingly propitious Nature smiles.
Her frowns and awfulness are seen afar,
Where snow-hills whiten in eternal glare,
Or soundless Ocean, lock'd in icy sleep,
Deadens the polar world. But here alone,
With Summer hymning through her haunted vales,
'Tis beauty, bloom, and brightness' all! How rich
The wooing luxury of floral meads,
Reposing in the noon; where scented winds
Exult, and many a happy brooklet sings;
Sure Admiration might romance it here!
Tall mansions, shadow'd through patrician trees,
Those brown-spread farms, grey villages and cots,
With castled relics, and cathedral piles

Where dreaming Solitude may muse and sigh,—
Enchant dead ages from their tombs, or hear
The dark soliloquy of ancient Time,—
Adorn the landscape, and delight the view :
While haggard rocks, and heaven-aspiring hills,
Balking the ocean, here and there create
A mountain charm, to solemnize the scene,

Or turn from Nature, in her fresh array
Of beauty, to behold the haunts of man
In county capitals, or cities huge,
In misty grandeur round the island spread.
Here spiry fanes, smoke-dimm'd and vast, and streets
Where sound the life-floods in continuous roar,
And Commerce, whom the winds and waves revere,
To him whose veins are proud with English blood

Suggests a scene that bids a patriot glow.
Then, Ocean,—listen ! how th' intruding waves
With loud resentment trample on the shore,
Like pawing steeds, impatient for the war.

And, such the scenery, the living pomp
By Art and Nature o'er this island strewn ;
Than which,—though cloudy squadrons oft besiege
Her sun, and vapours curtain up the sky,
Heaven canopies no lovelier clime. And they,
Th' inheritors of her free charms, how proud,
And how defyingly, they print the ground,
As on they march and look the soul abroad !
Though perfect Beauty from her throne was hurl'd
When Sin unmask'd her hideous front, and shades
Of Hell rose darkling o'er this human scene ;

She still hath reign ; as mind, though overthrown
From its young state, shews gleams of glorious prime.
And here, methinks, triumphant Beauty dwells
These islanders among :—the daring eye,
Majestic brow, the gallant bloom of health,
And dignity of their regardless mien,
Denote a power that beautifies the free :
While they who move in loveliness and light,
Like memories of vanish'd paradise
Around the sternness of ungrateful man,—
Have beauty such as seraphim adored.

And yet, of myriads who this matchless isle
Enjoy, from day to day, from year to year,
Environ'd with her Eden smiles, few dream
Or whence, or why, she hath surpass'd the world.

Thus hath it ever been, since fateful Time
Hath wrestled with that contradiction, Man.
Partaken mercies are oblivious wealth ;
But Expectation hath a grateful heart,
Hailing the smile of Promise from afar :
Enjoyment dies into Ingratitude,
Till God is buried in the boundless stores
Himself created ; eyeless nature knows
Him not, for mighty Self absorbeth all.

Descend the gulph where perish'd ages sleep,—
And lone, benighted in the savage gloom
Of her untravell'd woods and wilds, no light,
Save that of Reason, struggling through a cloud
Intense,—lo ! haughty-featured England lies :
An orphan region nursed amid the deep,

A fameless isle imprison'd by the waves,
A speck upon the vasty globe!—Who raised
Her littleness to lofty state? who bade
The daring majesty of Cæsar's mind
O'er her rude wilds a Roman spirit breathe,
Till in the nursing shadow of his throne
She grew to youthful glory? Who hath been,
Through perils, and volcanic bursts of war,
Earth-shaking tumult, and appalling strife,
The guardian of her destinies, till now?—
When Ocean, wreathed around her rocky shore,
Hath lent his champion billows to defend
Her fame, while storming dreadful at her foes,
She spurns them with avenging roar! Forth steps
The little greatness of a learned man,
And on the rapture of presuming thought

Through the dim valley of departed years
Sends down his spirit, and aloud proclaims,—
The prince, the hero, and aspiring hearts
That deal omnipotence round mortal power,
Have made, and shall preserve us, as we stand,
The mighty and the free!—A proud response,
A hell-toned feeling such as I would nurse;
And that which empires have of old indulged,
Till, dizzy with renown, they reel'd away
Amid the havoc and the whirl of time!—
For Power and Greatness are the awful twins
Of Destiny, whereby the Earth is moved:
The first, a portion of Eternal mind,
That, shadow'd o'er the human race, a good
Or Evil in its varying course subserves;
The second will be judged!—by its own height

Condemned or absolved. Of England, then,
What says the past?—so call'd, for judgment will
Annul that name, and make the present all.

Should I deny thee, angels would declare,
That spirits who enrich Eternity
Have deck'd thine island clay. Great Kings
Who sanctified their sceptres and their thrones;
Patriots sublime, with whom hoar Wisdom dwelt,
And tutored ages with advancing thought;
With saints and martyrs,—heroes of the skies,
Approaching, shed their glory on thy name.
But of the mighty, see! the mighty two,
Shakspeare and Milton, that surpassing pair!
The one, a mind omnipotently dower'd
That multiplied itself through space and time,

Passing like nature through the soul of things !
Aloft, companion of the Sun he soars
Awhile, then travels with the moonless night,
Mounts on the wind, or marches with the sea,
And, godlike, gives the elements a tone
Of grandeur, when his spirit walks abroad !
But Life !—how well he tore thy mask away,—
The great interpreter of human thought.
So royal are his kings, his maids so pure,
So grand his heroes, and so vile his knaves,
Such feeling smiles, such unaffected tears,
So stern and sweet, so melting or sublime,—
Such life-warm substance in the vast array
Of shapes, that live along his moving scene,—
You'd deem the world were in him when he wrote,
And he, the sun and soul of all mankind !

The last, who lived on earth, but thought in heaven,
Beyond compare, the brightest who have scaled
The empyrean height, who now the ears
Of seraphim with song celestial charms ;
The sightless Bard who with undying light
Doth glorify his land,—how deep he plunged
Into the infinite sublime of thought,
Flaming with visions of infernal glare !
How high amid the alienated host
Of warring angels, he could dare ascend,
Look on the lightnings of Almighty wrath,
Array the thunders, and reveal the God !

These deities of earth thy past sublime,
Yea glowingly, in their triumphant soar
And sweep of mind, proclaim the birth

And mightiness of an immortal soul.
But thou too, in the ocean waste of sin
That since Creation hath expanding swell'd,
Like darkness breeding while it rolls,—has pour'd
Iniquity; and for a vast revenge,
The harvest from all crime and error reap'd,
My Spirit hath encompass'd Thee! Thy hosts
Who in the anarchy, a ruffian stir
Of civil war, have won the sanguine wreath;
Thy lewd-soul'd princes, and voluptuous kings,
Whose courtly halls were palaces of vice
That sensualised the land, with buried crimes
Within thee nursed, and those remorseless deeds
Of vile aggression, haunting thy great name,—
Yet sully thee, and claim atoning tears;
Though time hath veil'd them with a mellowing charm.

And now reigns England in her noon of night
Secure ; the future, with a mast'ring eye
Prophetically dooming : distant lands
Beneath her sceptre bow, and though her soul
Doth gather wisdom from her own domain,
In proud neglect of equal climes,—there lives
No empire on the map of earth, where Fame
Hath scatter'd not her mind's nobility.
Commerce,—the spirit of this bulwark'd isle,
Wherein the attributes supremely dwell
Of all that dignifies, or nurtures power,—
Enthrones her on a peerless height, and works
Like inspiration through her mighty heart,
And yet, a poison at the core ! To eyes,
Where avarice hath raised a blinding film

That flatters, while it bounds the view, her scenes
Array'd, and glowing with commercial pomp,
More costly than the sun-enchanted skies
Appear. Triumphantly outspreads the show
Of Trade, of Traffic, and their sumptuous world!
See! from yon ports what merchant vessels spread,
Daunting the winds, and dancing o'er the waves
Rich wares and living burden, while the breeze
Toys with the flag, and fills the panting sail.
Others, from many a tempest-haunted track
Return'd, in thunder beat their homeward way,
And send their spirit wreathing on the gales!
Then hark! amid this wilderness of domes,
Dark lanes, and smoke-roof'd streets,—what mingled
 roar,
While Commerce, in her thousand shapes and moods,

With eager hand and greedy eye, pursues
Her round of wonders, and of gain. All arts,
All natures, and all elements, are wrung
To such obedience by creative Power,
That matter quickens into living soul,
And works harmonious to the will of man.

Yet here, methinks, had not one hideous thirst
For lucre parch'd all pity from the mind,
The hollow cheeks, and livid brow of Toil,
That lean, and yellow'd by infectious gloom,
Droops o'er his hateful task,—might pang
The heart of Selfishness, in her most griping hour.
Here, too, amid the pestilential glow
Of heated chambers, where in sad revenge
Art flourishes o'er fading life,—are pent

The infant young, and friendless orphan poor ;—
They who should gambol on the lusty meads,
While gamesome blood danced beauty through their
 cheeks,
Thus doom'd to languish in degenerate toils !—
Why, what a hell-slave will this Commerce prove,
When life and feeling perish for her cause !

 Already hath an evil spell begun ;
Though a proud empire will not see, her heart
Is fever'd with a fest'ring mass of thought,—
A lust of gain, that rankles into lies,
O'er fraudulent means, or knavish arts ; while
 Truth,
Integrity, and Honour, are diseased,
And die away in avaricious dreams

Of Mammon, that vile despot of the soul.
The happy meekness of contented minds
Is fretted with ambition ; home and love,
The heart-links, and the brotherhood of joy
In life, and tomb-companionship in death,
Are nothing : Money, God of England seems !

There is another, and a nobler scene
Of triumph, for dark spirits to survey.
For Knowledge,—true nobility of mind,
When temper'd with a sanctifying tone,
Without it, but an ornamental curse,—
In full omnipotence is reigning now ;
Yet haply, with a spirit and a power
To breed an earthquake in the boastful heart
Of this free Isle. A thunder-charged sky,

When clouds float meaningly along the face
Of its dread stillness, not more threatening shews,
Than England, bloated with ambitious minds
That dream in darkness, and await the hour
That like a storm-burst will appal the world!
Sooner shall winds be caged, or billows hush'd,
Than pride be rooted from one human soul
By aught that man's corrective wisdom yields.
This rise of dust against vast Deity,—
Creation in the creature lost!—will swell
The mightiest, where religion reigneth least.
To vanity a wild'ring charm, to vice
A weapon, to the fool a powerless gift,
Is Learning.—Doth she lift her eyes to heaven,
Or downward gaze to idolize her own?

The soul of intellect is spread abroad,
In whose gay flush men see a flattering bloom ;
Yet, vain and unimpressive as the dance
Of leaf-shades figured in the dreaming sun,
Are trivial fancies o'er a nation's mind,
For ever by inglorious spirits dealt.
As pictured nature in the rich deceit
Of miming art, undignified appears,
To the green splendor of her glowing self,—
So dim the genius of the living day
To that which hallow'd the inspired of old.
High-soul'd and stern, *they* charter'd time unborn
With heirship of their fame ; th' approving smile,
Which low accordance with the bounded view
Of spirits levell'd to the dust, procures,
Was spurn'd away in their immortal taste

For Truth, and her mysterious soar,—how few
Dare emulate these godlike of the past!
Renown immediate, from the servile lip
Of smiling dulness, is the dear reward
For which your intellectual pigmies gasp:
Hence sickly woes, and sentimental lies,
And silly wonders out of shallow brains
By Passion woven, to bewilder souls.—
Romantic panders! may your kingdom spread;
Let Beauty, Love, and Gentleness, and Thoughts
Which ope infinity, and Heaven unveil.
In dark imaginings and dreadful gloom
Be buried;—give to crime pathetic grace,
And treat the world with new made decalogues!

And ye, my chosen crew, especial race,

Whose vile artillery of noisy words
Unceasing rattles in deluded ears .
What ignorance adores,—no hell-taught shape
Among mankind let loose, could blast them more
Than ye, vicegerents of infernal power ^a,
By that undreading fool, Philosophy.
How glorious is the race you run! Though
worn,
Life-weary, dull, or savagely endow'd ;
With eyes, on which the universe hath flash'd
No meanings, beautifully link'd to love
Or fellowship, with the creative whole ;
And hearts where Genius owns no spark divine,
That fancy loves, or feeling can adore,—
Without one impulse of impassion'd truth,
Ye sit in judgment on the good and wise,

Supremely charm'd with ignorance, and power.
To cloud the bright, and lie away the pure,
To wrench, distort, and misapply,—to scorn
The sacred, or the flippant tongue endow
With all that Passion pleads, or Pride admires,
Is your high task :—and nobly is it done !
Already, see your dreadless Atheist smile,
And Honour die a contumelious death.—
Creator ! what a triumph do we reap,
When oracles that fool, or flatter,—dull
Expounders of a duller creed,—those mean
Arraigners, shrouded by a saving gloom
That wraps them in false glory, as far scenes,
In darkness, magnify the truth of day ;
When such as these, in life and feeling, heart
And creed, and elements of thought, can win

A base surrender from a free-born soul,
Cringeing, or cow'ring, as their wands direct,—
Why, Hell may laugh, and Liberty's no more :
Then, free in body, but a slave in soul,
Is England ; in the dust her spirit walks,
And right and wrong are blinded from her view.
Thus perish virtue, thus religion fail,
And how the cup of Vengeance will o'erflow !

So awful is the sway of human mind ;
For good, or evil, an enduring charm,
Inweaved with ages, silently it works,
Reaping uncounted spoils from deeds and words,
And thoughts, which spring like blossoms from a ray
Of influence, by a ruling spirit cast.—
There is a stormy greatness, by the sense

Of vulgar apprehension hail'd, yet vain
When match'd against an all-prevailing mind :
A warrior's glory in his banner waves ;
The ocean-hero, where the tempest howl'd
Outdared the winds ; and echoes of renown
Roll mighty round the living head of each ;
Yet ebb away to indistinct applause,—
A dying sound, when Death has call'd them home.

But he who makes the mind a fame, each thought
Eternized, will become a voiceless charm,
A thinking power, a still omnipotence ;
Whence half the heaven on pining earth will bloom.
For, what a tale would Time have told, had none
Burst through the thraldom of degrading sense,
And bade the spirit eloquently tell

Of Truth, and Beauty, and pervading Love !
Yea, these are such as Darkness would subdue ;
They scale the heavens, array the elements
With glory, give the herb a greener hue,
The flower a fresher magic, and the stream
A melody that Nature never sang ;
Thus beautifying all without, by rays within
From Light's great Source proceeding, they can charm
Like God Himself reflected round the soul !

The dark enchantment of corrupting mind,
Not less almighty in its secret course
Hath proved. For havoc may be heal'd, and tears
And wrongs of desolated kingdoms, change ;
But Spirit can outweary vaunting Time,
And taint a cent'ry with corrupting thought.

Ye prostituted Souls! when Mind is judged,
How ghastly from your slumber will ye wake!
At that dread hour Perversion may not plead,
Nor Will deny, what Understanding own'd.
The wretched martyrs!—for a vain renown
From Unbelief and her heart-blasted crew
Derived, they rouse the idiot laugh, in clouds
Of falsehood clothe each attribute within,
Lend Infidelity a voice, delude
The vile with flatteries of impious tone,
And fashion doubts to mystify the world.

For wealth too gasping, for a wise content
Too madly fever'd by ambitious thirst,
The moral greatness of this mighty land

Doth charm me with a promise of decay.
Her heart is canker'd: I have roam'd unseen
Around her; lightly do her virtues weigh
Against the burden of her wickedness.
By Fortune fashion'd, what a countless herd
Who live to fascinate the palling hours
With pleasure, making Life one masquerade!
Refinement is their heaven; and thus, few crimes
Are nourish'd there; but lesser sins abound;
Revenge and spite, all vanities and hates,
The virgin whiteness of the soul deform:
Concealment is a virtue; virtue oft
Bare policy; religion, but a form,
A taste most delicate for things divine;
The truth, convenience; and a lie,—the same.

And what a homage doth the tongue present
To evil, what alertness of delight
Attentive, comes she in whatever shape
The turn of accident assume ; in blood,
Disaster, or some grand depravity
Where passions had their demon play. But tears
Of Charity, that language of the soul,
Some fine denial of a feeling mind,
Some noble act, or heaven-advancing scene,—
Let such be named, and weariness awakes ;
Nothing so dull as virtues that are told :—
Let Slander, with her false envenom'd lip,
Her aping mode, her sly assassin tone,
Appear,—and eye, and ear, and heart attend,
To feed upon the foulness of her tongue ;

Whether on crooked limb, or character,
It fall ; whether she waste it on a foe
Successful, or a rival far too good ;
Or, graceful drop it o'er a dying friend,—
Nothing so sweet as slander to the vile.

But deeper in society are bred
The vices ravaging on a nation's weal.
Philosophy ! darest thou confront me here,
Yet arrogant, of time and glory dream ?
Descend, and look into degen'rate life :
See dark-school'd Vice, with brazen front abroad,
And Murder, stalking through her savage round
Of midnight blood ; see Theft her felon hand
Uprear ; and infamies of heart and tongue ;

And Guilt, with godless triumph on her brow,—
Mark Hell in miniature! wherever Crime
Depraves, or Poverty allures,—and pause;
Millennium is not come, nor Man reclaim'd.

Thus greedy, worldly, and defiled, how poor
The sum of happiness in England's heart!
Like other climes, her thousand children seek
A shadow flying from their false embrace,
Still adding to the cheat of Time,—who thinks
Mankind have vow'd them to the lying charm
He weaves: for though no happiness secure
On earth can bloom; and in her richest hour
There is a longing for more glorious bliss,
Immortal as the mind itself;—yet joy

And hope, serenity without, and calm
Within, e'en here may visit gentle souls,
Who woo them not in scenes of fictious pomp,
But in the spirit of a better world.
Like food to body, happiness to mind
Alone is healthful, when ingredients pure
Are mingled to create the charm they bring.—

What numbers, on whose features the false smile
For ever plays; whose eyes, so brightly charged
With happy meaning, quicken envious fire
In other hearts,—what wretches, gaily-tongued,
And scattering words whence emulations spring,
Have I beheld, whom Happiness is deem'd
With her full heaven to crown! yet where, oh where,

Blind mortals, is that priceless gem obtain'd,
Which many seek, yet few in life have found?—

The Palace! with her parasitic host
Of minions, and that smirking, sinuous race,
Who, in the court of princes, lie away
Existence, gasping for some golden lot,
I've mark'd:—the happy do not flourish there.—
Then look'd I on a mightier scene, where men
Draw glory from a nation's heart, and voice
Their spirit through the quarter'd world!—How vain
And valueless this worshipp'd haunt hath proved
To such as battle proudly with Despair!
Oh, England! such as Rome and Athens paid
Their architects of greatness, thou hast giv'n

To many who bequeath thee fame. There live
A host, who in the splendor of thy great
Do bask and breed, like reptiles in the sun ;
Who live in venom, and disease the land
With Malice, and her miserable wounds.—

Alas ! Ambition : see, yon gifted man,
Who in a synod of surpassing minds
Stands forth, his being spiritously fired,
His brow imperial, in his eye a blaze
Of meaning, pour'd from a majestic soul :
Borne on the whirlwind of triumphant Thought,
Through the wide universe his spirit sweeps !
Thrones, monarchies, and states,—he summons each
To strict account, their victories and kings

Arraigns, and bids Britannia front them all!
The Senate wonders, Rapture finds a tongue,
And Envy sinks abash'd to praise. But go,
Young Emulation, when this glowing scene
Hath cool'd to common life, and mark him well!
The hero is no hero here! the mean unknown
Have tortured whom a kingdom could not bend:
Around him, too regardful, scandal flies;
And words, like gnawing vipers, poison life
Away, or rankle in the spirit's core.—

From the proud senate, to a sunnier realm
Where Gaiety and her hilarious crew,
Like flowers of fancy in a hot-bed rear'd,
An artificial life enjoy, I turn'd.

In such a sphere could Happiness abide?—
Where Fashion, that great harlequin of life,
For ever plays the comedy of fools ;
Where Luxury breathes a pamper'd air ; where Love
Is venal ; Wealth, a wearisome array ;
And Time a curse ; the happy do not dwell.
A false delight, a snatch of fev'rish joy,
And jading rounds of pleasure, are supplied ;
But oft the heart beats echoless to all,
Though Custom wear a contradicting smile.

How such develop their excited mood
Amid a Thespian dome, I frequent see.
Music and Pomp their mingling spirit shed
Around me ; beauties in their cloud-like robes

Shine forth,—a scenic paradise, it glares
Intoxication through the reeling sense
Of flush'd enjoyment. In the motley host
Three prime gradations may be rank'd: the first,
To mount upon the wings of Shakspeare's mind,
And win a flash of his Promethean thought,—
To smile and weep, to shudder, and achieve
A round of passionate omnipotence,
Attend: the second, are a sensual tribe,
Convened to hear romantic harlots sing,
On forms to banquet a lascivious gaze,
While the bright perfidy of wanton eyes
Through brain and spirit darts delicious fire:
The last,—a throng most pitiful! who seem,
With their corroded figures, rayless glance,

And death-like struggle of decaying age,
Like painted skeletons in charnel pomp
Set forth to satirize the human kind!—
How fine a prospect for demoniac view!
“ Creatures, whose souls outbalance worlds, awake!”
Methinks I hear a pitying Angel cry.

Another scene where happiness is sought,—
A festive chamber, with its golden hues,
Its dream-like sounds, and languishing delights.
Since the far hour when England lay begirt
In savage darkness, how divinely raised
Art thou, Society! The polish'd mode,
The princely mien, the acquiescing smile
Of tutor'd lips, with all that beauty, love,

Accomplishment, and sumptuous arts bestow,—
Are thine ; but oh, the hollowness within !
One mingled heart Society should be,
Of glowing words, and gen'rous feelings made,
And hallow'd by Sincerity ; but hark !
The whisper'd malice of the eavious vain :—
The shrug of falsehood, and the sly deceit
Of changing looks ; the hypocritic glance,
The supple base, and stiff-neck'd proud,—behold !
From simp'ring youth, e'en down to crabbed age,
'Tis vapour, vanity, and meanness all !
Where honest natures sicken with disgust ;
While school'd Hypocrisy, with glozing tongue,
Performs the social serpent of the night :—
A lying atmosphere, a soulless haunt,
Where fools are pamper'd, and the vile prevail.

From Fashion moved I to the loftier scenes
Where hosts by learning titled, for renown
And rank more elevate than kings bestow,
Their inward toil pursue,—and yet how vain!
There is a craving for some higher gift,
A thirst which Fame and Wisdom fail to quench
Alone; the fountain hath a deeper well.—
And what is Fame?—When Hope, the morning-star
Of life, arose, enthusiast! thou wouldst climb
Her steepy height, to hear th' acclaiming roar
Of thousands echoing round thee, like a choir
Of Ocean, wafted o'er a mountain-head.—
In the dark womb of some weird solitude
Where Destiny delights to colour years;
Or by some gush of beauty, or the glow
Of emulation, quicken'd by a mighty name,—

Did first her music whisper, be thou great ?
No matter : midnight watchings, gloom and tears,
Thy heart a fever, and thy brain on fire,—
The wrench and rack of thought, have won the prize ;
And midmost thou, among the laurell'd tribe
A paramount art throned ! And dear to thee,
Young hero of the mind, is first renown ;
Fresh, warm, and pure, as early love, ere Time
Hath nipt it with his frosty wing. Awhile,
In Paradise thou dream'st, and seem'st to hear
The hailing worship of Posterity.
But now, come down from thy celestial height !
Descend, and struggle with the heartless crew
Who out of others' tears extract their joy.
The rocky nature of ignoble minds,
Ambitious Spite, and unrelenting Hate,

And all who nibble at each young renown,—
'Tis thine to wrestle with ; thy spell is o'er,
And Glory is a feast for Shame :—reproach
It not, true happiness it never breathed.

And thou, Religion, Hell's appalling foe,
Yet least prevailing, on whose seraph wing,
Far, far away from this benighted orb
The spirit mounts,—though many temples woo
Thy sanctitude, and many tongues thy charm
Repeat, how few have found thee as thou art,
The LIVING Saviour of mankind ! What hosts
Who wear my attributes, or ape my power,
Yet carry gospels in their saintly looks !
Ye hypocrites ! how often have I torn
Your veils away ! how often have I seen

A midnight where the world saw day ;
Beheld a demon, where they dreamt a God !

'Tis not the vileness of hypocrisy
From which alone a hellish harvest springs ;
But that contempt which on Religion frowns,
When hypocrites in unmask'd truth appear ;
Then Vice is comforted, and lifts her voice
Triumphant ; pleased to have a broken step,
However slipp'ry, where to stand and cry,
Thank God ! my soul Religion never swell'd.—
How vain, how pitiably vile, is this ;
As well might Painting and her fairy scenes
Be scouted, when a daubing mimic fails ;
Or Music have her angel soul denied,
When a poor screech-owl apes a melody,

As true Religion have her Heaven disown'd,
Because a false professor fools the world.

Nor dwells that happiness, which mortals seek,
With them, fanatically crazed or wild ;
Two orders breathé there of this graceless crew :
The one, in false unheavenly rapture, soar
Full in the face of Deity, and sing
And shout, with more than archangelic joy ;
And yet, so earthly is excessive love,
No heathen to a sensual god e'er raved
With more lip-service of degrading rant,
Than dark fanatics, when their roar is up.—
The other, sink as deep as these ascend,
And so exult in self-accusing thought,
That nought's more proud than their humility.

And this is homage for their One Supreme !
Whose palace are th' unutterable Heavens ;
Who comes—and mountains from his glory flee ;
Who speaketh—and a universe begins ;
Who frowneth—and creation is no more !—
So awful, that the dazzled Angels shrink
In veil'd humility from his dread gaze.
To such, these holy maniacs cry, and bid
Him bow the heavens in thunder, and appear !
Or, in the vaunting of Devotion's power,
Can dare to humanize their Deity :
While others, with a superstitious cloud,
Array his attributes, conceal his love,
And level Mercy to their own despair.

Nor let them boast, who, in the vile content

Of worldly meanness, sepulchred in self,
And worm-like clinging to their genial clay,—
The wisely good and only happy deem
Their narrow lot: to such earth-loving race
The *seen* and *felt* make all their paradise;
Should Hell be vision'd, let it burn away;
If Heaven, bombast is thunder'd in their ears;
When yawns the tomb, then comes the hour to pray;
When Death appears, the awe of future worlds!
Most glorious! could I wither all men down,
So tame them from their true immortal soar
To what these are, how demonized the earth
Would grow! all feeling curdled into self,
All nobleness of thought, a dream denounced,
All bright and beautiful sensations mock'd;
The world, a vortex for engulfing heart

And soul,—one living curse this life would prove !
And yet, amid it were I rank'd, with eye
To view, and heart to feel, around me strewn
Such glory, pomp, magnificence, and might,
In visible array,—I'd rather be
Some free-born creature of the stately woods,
Than not the wooing elements enjoy—
Catch glimpses, meanings, and subliming hopes.
That o'er the unseen fling surpassing hues,
And tone what is, diviner to the soul.

Glory, and Pleasure, Learning, Power, and Fame,
All idols of deceptive sway,—mankind
Have crown'd them for the master-spell of life ;
And yet, a mocking destiny they win.
How often dwelleth gladness in the smile

They raise, or rapture in the heaven they dream!—
Unknown, unhonour'd, in the noiseless sphere
Of humbleness, the happy man I found.
It was not that the tears, or toils of fate
Were never his; or that no stormy rush
The sober current of his days annoy'd:
But in him dwelt that true philosophy
That flings a sunshine o'er the wintriest hour.
The proud he envied not; no splendors craved,
Nor sigh'd to wear the laurels of renown;
But look'd on Greatness with contented eye,
Then smilingly to his meek path retired:
Thus o'er the billows of a troublous world,
As o'er the anarchy of waters moves
The seaman's bark, in safety did he ride,
Forgot his woes, and left his wants to Heaven,

I envied, tempted; but could not decoy
His spirit to the perilous ascent
Of emulative thought. He look'd around,
When Glory wooed him with her trait'rous glare,
On the calm luxuries of humble life.
There sat the echo of his own pure mind,
The peaceful sharer of his love and lot:—
What beaming fulness in that tender eye,
What a bright overflow of spirit shone,
When by her sinless babe she mused, who lay
In beauty, still and warm as summer air:
And what could camp, or court, or palace yield,
Of nobler, deeper, more exalted bliss,
Than when, as weary daylight sinks to rest,
He shut his door upon the noisy world;
And with no harrowing dream of guilty hue

To mar the witching hours of love and home,
Sat by his hearth, adoring and adored!

But far more daring is the life I'd see;
And few shall flourish in this homely sphere!
Excitement is my great enchanter, whence
The wisdom of the worldly fain would reap
That blissful nothing which Delusion shapes;
That onward, day by day, from year to year,
Through gloom and glory mocks them to the grave!
I thank thee, Britain!—thou hast yet to prove
The hell-subduing charm Religion yields:—
Whereby, without untuning the sound chords
Of social being, man could vision forth
A beauty and sublimity of soul,
Thou hast not yet pourtray'd.—There is a sense,

A selfish, innate law of right and wrong,
Which makes a heathen moral : such is thine.
But this alone shall never exorcise
One vice ; or helm the chaos that within
Is working, out of ruin'd passions born.
Diviner air the Christian breathes, who owns
In God, the aim and end of all things merged ;—
A Power, who not subordinately claims
Eternal worship, but the fountain-source
Of thought and action,—life's prevailing law.
Thus glorified,—how hateful is the truth
That withers me !—and what outweighs the bliss
Of faith, and fellowship with the Most High ?—
Bid colour to enchant the blind ; or sounds
Of melody through deafen'd ears to glide ;
Or dream of sensibility in stones ;

But think not, world-slaves ! to imagine all
That inward longing for immortal life,
That more than rapture of a heart redeem'd,
A Christian nurseth ; 'tis the heaven-wove charm
Which devils hate, but cannot dare destroy,
While Faith o'erawing rules. Two thousand years
In glorious witness gather round mankind,
Attesting it divine ;—to wisdom, wealth ;
To ignorance, beyond what sages teach ;
And crowning poverty with such high gifts,
That she may tax the sun and moon for joy,
Partake the elements, and reap a bliss
That seats her lofty over ranks and thrones,—
The inward quiet of a grateful mind.

To such attemper'd, dawns this hallow'd day,

Thy Sabbath. Evil owns her darksome power
To tremble, when her smile salutes the Earth !
For, like a freshness out of Eden wing'd,
Her sainted influence comes : the toils and woes,
The cankering wear of ever busy life
In spiritual oblivion smooth'd away,—
On such a dawn, far heavenward should the heart
Advance ; while deeply glowing, soul with soul
Might meet, and mingle in delicious calm,
Like many clouds that into one dissolve.

How calmly beautiful this blessed morn !
The sky all azure, not a cloud abroad,
A sunny languor in the air, the breeze
Gentle enough to fan an Angel's brow ;

And thou, the lord of beauty and of light,
Enthroned, how oriently thy splendors shine,
And make a loveliness where'er they fall!

Hark! on the stillness of the Sabbath air,
From tower and steeple floats the mellow chime
Of matin bells; how sweetly solemn mounts
The pealing incense! up to Heaven it glides,
As though it heralded a people's prayer.
Their ebbing music, all uncharm'd, some feel;
While others, in its wafting decadence,
Hear dream-like echoes from the far-off shore
Of childhood, where a twilight sadness woos.

And now, from England's countless domes and
streets,

In motley garb, the trooping myriads come,
To kneel in temples where their fathers knelt.
Among them, there are heaven-toned spirits found,
Hailing their Sabbath as a blissful type
Of that which in Eternity shall smile ;
Others, whom Custom's all-resistless sway
Beguileth, in their pompous robes appear,
And use them for religion ; many speed,—
For the loud wheels of common life stand still !
And round it an unwholesome quiet reigns ;
The show and music of the templed pomp
Will o'er the heart some fascination fling,
For what more weary than to worship God !—
Thrice noble Christians ! why should awing fear,
And homage, pure as sainted martyrs paid,
Seek Heaven, when Idleness can do as well ?

But now for Country, and her chaster scenes!—
The melody of Summer winds, the wave
Of herbage, in a bloomy radiance clad,
And chant of trees, that languishingly bend
As gazing on their shadows, meet around
This charmed haunt of Nature's sanctitude.
How meekly piled, how vènerably graced
This hamlet fane! by mellowing age imbrown'd,
And freckled like a rock of sea-worn hue.
No marble tombs of agonizing pomp
Are here; but turf-graves of unfading green,
Where loved, yet lowly, generations sleep:
And o'er them many a Sabbath sigh is heaved
From hearts that live on sadness from the tomb.—

And such is thine, lone muser! by yon grave

Now ling'ring, with a soul-expressive eye
Of sorrow. Corn-fields glowing brown, and
bright

With promise, sumptuous in the noon-glare seen ;
The meadows, speckled with a homeward tribe
Of village matrons, sons, and holy sires,—
The hymning birds, all music as they soar,
And those twin brooks, so beautifully glad,
That whisper happy secrets to the wind,—
Such life and beauty by the landscape breathed,
And yet,—a tomb-shade overclouds it all !
Eternity is on thee ; is thy soul secure ?

A churchyard ! 'tis a homely word, yet full
Of feeling ; and a sound that o'er the heart
Might shed religion. In the gloom of graves

I read the curse primeval, and the Voice
That wreak'd it, seems to whisper by these tombs
Of village quiet, that around me lie
In green humility:—can Life, the dead
Among, be musing, nor to me advance
The spirit of her thought? True, Nature wears
No rustic mourning here: in golden play
Her sprightly grass-flowers wave; the random breeze
Hums in the noon, or with yon froward boughs
A murm'ring quarrel wakes: and yet how oft
In such a haunt, the insuppressive sigh
Is heard, while feelings that may pilot years
To glory, spring from out a minute's gloom!

Mind overcomes me here. Amid the hush
Of stately tombs, of dim sepulchral pomp,

And monumental falsehoods piled o'er men
Whose only worth is in their epitaphs,
I fear thee not, thou meditating one !
Infinity may blacken round thy dream
Perchance, and words inaudible thy mind
With shadowy bodements fill ;—but worldly gauds
Entice thee ; whisper'd vanities of thought
Arise, and though life lose her glare awhile,
Ambition tints the moral of the tomb.—
'Tis not so here : th' uncheated eye can dwell
On few distinctions, save of diff'ring age ;
The heart is free to ponder, and the soul
To be acquainted with herself alone.
And more development of Man is found
In such calm scene, than in the warring rush

Of life.—I watch him thus, and mark
The swelling pomp of immortality
That lifts the soul, and makes Hereafter plain !
Or, darkness from the unapparent dead
That whelms the spirit with a cold despair.

Nature begins ; and in the white-roll'd shroud
The ghastly nothingness of Death appears.—
And then, a knell, Time's world-awaking tongue,
Rings in the soul, and by a new-turn'd grave
He paints a mourning vision ; sees the tears
Telling of many a day's remember'd joys
Down cheeks of anguish dropping ; and can hear
The careless mutter of the broken clod
Upon his coffin echo.—Then, the dream !

The solemn dream! of where a spirit-home
May be, and what is an Eternal World.—
O, mortal! ask th' interminated sky,
The mystic wind, the ever-murm'ring deep,
And all that night and day around thee dwells—
Doth nought reply? The Elements all dumb?
Then ask thy soul, and God himself replies!

I thank thee, Life, and all thy scencful realm,
Wherein such vassalage of mind abounds,
That thoughts of death are exiled from the heart
Of many, till the hungry tomb doth gape.
Still onward fool mankind, and thus become
The sole omnipotent that sense obeys.
And ever, when thou hear'st some true divine

Of Nature's teaching, of Hereafter tell,—
Then crown him, darkly spiritless, and cold.
Oh! THINK NOT, Worldling, or thy soul would say,
The man who hangs on every smiling hour
A coward proves to questionings of thought;
While he who dares with an undreading eye
To fathom his own nature, in the grave
Descend, Eternity's deep gates unbar,—
May, faith-arm'd, look in the Almighty face,
And grow familiar with an Angel's smile?

England is blest in all that Nature lends :
No fields spread greener magic to the gaze,
No streams of purer freshness flow, no winds
In richer harmony their wings unfold,

Than hers : and though invading Splendor frown
A stately contrast o'er a ruin'd scene ;
Though petty tyrant, and domestic lord,
That elevating charms have long eclipsed
Of happy peasantry, with honest hearts
For country glowing, and for God prepared ;
Though wither'd all that pastoral poets sang,
Enough for homage, or refreshing thought,
Doth consecrate her yet. And thus, methinks,
Sweet Country might imparadise my soul
Of fine perceptions and delightful moods^b,
Grey towers, and streets all surfeited with throngs
Of worldlings, greedy-eyed, and stale of heart,
As the dead air around them,—who should deem
Enchantment, while a lovelier world is free ?
From dusky cities, where forced Nature grieves

To wear the meanness of surrounding men,
On wings of gladness might her lovers fly
To haunts divine as these. Lo ! how she laughs
In sunshine, tinting with her bright romance
Hill, wood, and valley, rock and wayward stream ;—
What blue deliciousness of arched sky !
What flow'ry hues, what odorous delights,
And, as her gales in sounding glory come,
What ocean-mock'ry from her voiceful trees
Is heard, in rapture echoing the winds !—

Yet well for me, that Town's eventful sphere
Enchants the many, more than nature can.
No sound melodious as the roar of streets,
No sky delightful as the smoky mass
Above them, like a misty ocean hung ;

No joy prevailing as the selfish stir
That int'rest, craft, or petty wants produce,
And on Life's stream those fleeting bubbles raise,
In bursting which, their day-born wisdom lies.
Why, this is taste Corruption should enjoy!
She cannot fancy what she never felt.
There is an outward and an inward eye,
Dependently endow'd; when that which sees
Within is dimmed, the eye of outward sense
Is darken'd too; Creation wears a cloud,
And Life a veil; when both are bright and
free,
The Universe, and all within her, shows
The happy meaning, and the human charm.

Both form and mind a fellow magic steal,

Where the free visitings of nature act
As the fresh lustre of a healthful morn
The languor of a dying eve outblooms,
So doth the beauty of this country girl
Surpass the city maiden in her charm :
The rich enamel of the rosy blood
Is painted on her cheek ; and her glad eye,—
The full joy and glory of the meads,
The freedom of the woods and waterfalls,
And the proud spirit of her village hills,
Its glances come !—her step is like the breeze ;
Her forehead arch'd, to face the skies ; her form,
Perfection out of Nature's hand ; and words,
The native breathings of a happy soul.

Nor less in contrast to the bolder mien

Of city manner, is thine artless air,
Whom now a wand'rer in the fields I view,
With sunshine lovingly around thee thrown.
A sweet unwillingness to be observed
Dwells in that maiden glance, and oft away
From the bright homage of adoring eyes
In delicate timidity thou glidest ;
Like a coy stream, that from fond daylight speeds
To hide its beauty in sequester'd bowers.

Yet Fashion does, what feeling would deny ;
Making a charm where none is found : thus, hills
And lakes, the mountain-winds, and sea-fresh gales,
The idle from the town retreats allure,
When the spring-glories smile. And some there are
Among them, of that undetermined race,

O'er whom the earthly and the heavenly sway
With fitful interchange,—mere epicenes
In mind. Worn by the hot and feverish stir
Of city life, her many-mansion'd views,
Her pathways bleaching in the glare of noon,
And the fierce clatter of conflicting wheels,—
A wearied heart romantically sighs ;
“ O for the luxury of living gales,
And wafted music of ten thousand trees,
Whose young leaves dance like ringlets on a brow
Of joy, and glitter gaily to the sun !
O for some deep-valed haunt, where all alone,
Saving the mute companionship of hills,
My feet may wander, and mine eye exult !”

So wish'd a Worldling ; and behold him come,

And, soul'd with new enchantment, thus exclaim :

“ Again thine own, my heart I give to thee,

Sweet Nature ; once again thy fondling breath,

Air-music, plays around my faded brow,

Pure as a father's blessing o'er a child

Forgiven, gently murmur'd—Let me feed,

With sateless eye, on this thy glorious scene.

Dilated, as with gladness, glows the blue

O'erhanging sky, untingured with a cloud :

Around me, hills on hills are greenly piled,

Each crowning each in billowy ascent,

And beautiful array : a breeze is up,

In bird-like motion winging the bright air ;

Or by the flow'rets, giddy with delight,

And dancing golden in the meadow pomp.—

Nor am I lonesome in this hour of bliss :

The shining flocks that speckle the glad fields,
The larks, and butterflies that tint their path
With beauty, and yon group of happy babes,
Fit company for sunbeams and for flowers,
So brightly innocent they seem,—partake
The heavenliness of this romantic hour.
And thou, beneath me in thy waveless mood
Luxuriant spread, with ripples twinkling gay
As insect wings that flutter in the sun,—
Calm Ocean! often has thy phantom swell'd
Upon me, in the rush of busy life,
With smile as glorious as thou wearest now.”—
And canst thou, with a mind thus deeply toned
To all that Nature for communing hearts
Provides, again be mingled in the mass
Of vulgar spirits, and their vain employ?—

Yes! worldliness shall woo thee back again ;
For impulse, not reflection, is the power
Thou serv'st, and *that* alone no heart secures.

A flash of feeling, not a flow of mind
Above the dark rebellion of the sense,
Or passion, is that soul-refreshing trait
Of human character, that charmeth most,
But least prevails ; a flick'ring light, that none
Can trust, who more substantial moods enjoy ;
Since impulse, unto good or bad alike
May lead,—the vassal of each tempting hour.
And thus, man's finer nature oft profaned
By fits and starts of ill-directed mind,
No marvel, when by worldly rust decay'd
In each perception of ethereal growth,

The many should have crown'd as vain, all bliss
That neither in, nor for the world, doth bloom,
And named Romance, the sin of tender souls.—
How little do these menials of the mind
From their blind prison-house of earth perceive,
That moods predictive of diviner scenes
Come oft inspired, and, though morosely scorn'd,
Are shadowy foretaste of the unreveal'd^b.
And such may dawn, when life is dream'd away;
Or, in a waste of thought the heart expands,
And 'mid the quiet of remember'd things
Luxuriates,—hallowing stillness into Heaven.

But this enchantment of reposing thought,
When Solitude falls heaven-like on the soul
Reflective, far above that aimless gloom

Where life is fever'd into sickly woe,
Ascends ;—though frequent merged in thy soft name,
Retirement ! By his kind, unloved, unwooded,
Or souring all things with sarcastic joy,
Deflow'ring Happiness of her young bloom,
And making winter where the summer glows,—
The misanthrope to his dull haunt retires
For saturnine felicity—in vain.
For as the deep, unvisited by winds
And elemental stir, corrupted grows
Through uncongenial calm ; so turns the heart,
When stagnant left, to all impure conceits,
Unholy fancies, and unhealthful thoughts :
The world must wake it, as the Angel stirr'd
The healing waters,—into glorious life
And motion, making them to bless mankind.

Oh! I am with these eremites, these mock
Philosophers, most elegantly sad,
Because outrageously befool'd. The man
Who battles nobly with his lot, and starves
Without a tear, hath more philosophy
In his true nature, than your sages dream,
Who mope, for *want* of sterling misery!

But lo! a vision fair as fancy sees.
Beside the deep, emboss'd with beauteous waves,
An infant stands, and views the living awe
Of its immensity, with lips apart
Like a cleft rose hung radiant in the sun,—
Hush'd into sweetest wonder. How divine
The innocence of Childhood! Did it bloom
Unwither'd through the scorching waste of years,

Men would be angels, and my realm destroy'd!
With eyes whose blueness is a summer heaven,
And cheeks where cherubim might print a kiss,
And forehead fair as moonlit snow,—thy form
Might be encradled in the rosy clouds
Of eve, that dream around their dying sun,—
So gentle and so glowing thou appear'st.
And heavenly is it for maternal eyes
In their fond light to mark thee growing, day
By day, with a warm atmosphere of love
Around thee circled with unceasing spell,
While, like a ray from her own spirit shed,
Thy mind shines forth in words of sweeter sound
Than all the music of thy manhood brings.—
'Tis now the poetry of life to thee!
With fancies fresh and innocent as flowers,

And manner sportive as the free-wing'd air,
Thou seest a friend in every smile ; thy days,
Like singing birds, in gladness speed along,
And not a tear that trembles on thy lids
But shines away, and sparkles into joy !

Yet Time shall envy such a dream as this ;
And when I see thee in thine after years,
As far as Satan from his primal height
Is fallen, will thy tarnish'd nature be,
From that which blasts me with its pureness now !

But need I travel into years unborn
To gather misery ?—behold it here !
Here, where a childless mother by the tomb
Of her dead offspring, wan and wither'd sits

In the dull stupor of despairing grief;
Her brow is bent, her visage thin and worn,
Her garments fading like neglected flowers,—
And not a glance, but speaks an agony!
Oh, wretch! whose sorrow all thy virtue proves;
For she who perish'd in a timeless grave,
Though beautiful as ever sunshine knew,
In love and truth most tenderly endow'd,
When living, was a curse to thee! Thy hate
Pursued her, and thy blighting envy frown'd
Like a dark hell-shade on her youthful path:
Oft in the midnight thou would'st mutt'ring wake,
And bid the grave to open on thy child!
Yet when her dwelling was the loathsome tomb,
And hateful envy had no charms to dread,—
When that was dust which once an angel glow'd,

The mother's heart return'd again, and grief,
Too late, then rack'd thy being to remorse,
Making thee all that demons could desire.
For hope, nor faith, one reconciling beam
Impart, to brighten thy dark woes; unwatch'd,
Unseen, thou visitest a grassy haunt
Of death, and in the muteness of despair
Beneath a pining yew-tree lonely sitt'st,
To feast thine anguish on a daughter's tomb!

And many sad as thee, have I beheld
In my deep wand'ring through this ancient isle.
A tree by lightning blasted to the ground,
And those proud branches which the seasons loved
To beautify, in leafless ruin laid;
A wreck upon the buxom waters toss'd,

And darkly hinting a terrific tale !
Or grey-wall'd castle, where of old were seen
The banner'd triumph and baronial pomp,
But now, the prey of melancholy winds,—
For each, how oft a meditative sigh,
Or tear, awakes ; yet what so sad,
As living ruin in a wretched soul,
As human sorrow by no hope assuaged ?
My God ! it is a miserable world !
May'st thou, the wretched, cry. From faded years
No flower to rescue for rememb'ring love,
Or blissful woe ; the future but a dead
Unknown ; the present all a blacken'd scene ;
By friends unloved, or in the tomb, forgot,
How desolate thy doom must be ! Abroad,
The sunshine mocks thee with a cruel glare ;

And in the smile of the unthinking crowd
No bright reflection for thy heart is found ;
At home,—blank weariness of soul awaits
Thee there, and turns it into dismal thought !
Or haply, when the sallow evening shrouds
The echoing city, at thy window placed,
With vacant eye thou view'st the yielding glow
Of day ; or sighing, hear'st the steeple-bells
With mournful music spiriting the night.

But now, a sunset, with impassion'd hues
Of splendor deepens round yon arched bay ;
'Tis evening hour ; the hour when Heaven descends
In dream-like radiance on the calmed earth.
Hither ! thou victim of luxurious halls,
The glory of these west'ring clouds behold,

That, rich as eastern fancies, float the skies] ~~the~~ ~~the~~
Along : and hark !—the revelry of waves ;
Now, like the whirling of unnumber'd wheels
In faint advance, now wild as battle-roar
In shatter'd echoes voyaging the wind ;
Then, snake-like hissing, they enring the shore,
Dissolve, and flower the shelly beach with foam.

Brief as a fancy, and as brightly vain,
The sky-pomp fades ; and in his sumptuous robe
Of cloudy sheen, the great high-priest of Earth
Hath bosom'd him beyond the ocean bound.
Like weary eyelids, flowers are closing up
Their beauty ; faint as rain-falls sound the leaves,
When ruffled by the dying breath of day ;
And Twilight, that true hour for mellow dream,

Or tender thought, now dimly o'er the wave
His halcyon wing unfolds ; in spectral gloom
The cloud-peak'd hills depart, and all the shore
Lies calm, where nothing mars its pebbly sleep,
Save when the step of yon lone wand'rer moves,
Watching the boats in sailless pomp reposed ;
Or, mournful listening to the curfew sound
Of eve-bells, hymning from their distant spires.

And who art thou, of grief-full aspect there,
Whose slow faint footfalls sound of misery ?
Consuming want thy lot hath never been ;
But thou art one, from out whose by-gone days
No mem'ries breathe for retrospective moods
To welcome ; the true dignity of life
Thy consecrated powers hath ne'er employed,

The past is but the blackness of the tomb!
That frowneth with condemning gaze, when, lone
And pleasureless, thy meditations rise.
The moonlight, paving with a glassy shore
Of wrinkled lustre all yon desert main,
The night's sad umbrage, and her mystic hush,
O'erwhelmingly becalm thee; thou would'st fain
Again be flatter'd with the gorgeous day,
To melt thy sadness in her fawning smile.

Thus ever proves a stilly hour, when thought
Hath long aloof from mortal bosoms dwelt;
In vengeance and convicting truth it comes,
With the dread quickness of a lightning-glance
Detecting all the danger of the soul,
Till conscience tremble! and the summon'd Past

Is past no more ! but present, with a fire
And force, concentred for terrific sway :
I AM—the motto of Eternity,
Is heard, and fearful sounds the truth therein !
But oh, how bounded would my kingdom be,
If what is life in common language deem'd,
Which unreflectively hath flow'd away,
Were all the law of Being did require !—
Yet *is* there life, where no reflection lives ?
Was spirit with divinity impregn'd,
To be the pris'ner of the sense ?—How well
For many, had they brute enjoyers been
Of homely nature, or, as trees and flowers,
Than, charter'd with undying mind, to live
Mere breath and blood, without a spirit train'd
To pure advancement in the destined walks

Of Reason, and magnetically sway'd
By truths that up to heaven and glory lead.—
He lives the longest who has thought the most ;
And by sublime anticipation felt,
That what's immortal must progressive prove,
Or, downward darken to avenging night.—

But hail! thou city-giant of the world!
Thou that dost scorn a canopy of clouds,
But in the dimness of eternal smoke
For ever rising like an ocean-steam,
Dost mantle thine immensity, how vast
And wide thy wonderful array of domes,
In dusky masses staring at the skies!
Time was, and dreary solitude was here ;
When night-black woods, unvisited by man

In howling conflict wrestled with the winds.
But now, the storm-roll of immingled life
Is heard, and, like a roaring furnace, fills
With living sound the airy reach of miles!
Thou more than Rome! for never from her heart
Such universe-awaking spirit pour'd,
As emanates from thine. The mighty globe
Is fever'd by thy name; a thousand years,
And silence hath not known thee! What a weight
Of awfulness will doomsday from thy scene
Derive; and when the blasting trumpet smites
All cities to destruction, who will sink
Sublime, with such a thunder-crash as thou!

Myriads of domes, and temples huge, or high,
And thickly wedded, like the ancient trees

That in unviolated forests frown ;
Myriad of streets, whose river-windings flow
With viewless billows of unweary sound ;
Myriads of hearts in full commotion mix'd,
From morn to noon, from noon to night again,
Through the wide realms of whirling passion borne,—
And there is London!—England's heart and soul.
By the proud flowing of her famous Thames
She circulates through countless lands and isles
Her greatness ; gloriously she rules,
At once the awe and sceptre of the world !

Angels and demons ! to your watching eyes
The rounded earth nought so tremendous shows
As this vast city, in whose roar I stand,
Unseen, yet seeing all. The lifeless gloom

Of everlasting hills, the solitudes
Untrod, the deep gaze of thy dazzling orbs
That decorate the purple noon of night,
Oh Nature! no such majesty supply.
Creation's queen, almightily endow'd,
Upon the throne of Elements thou sitt'st:
But in the beating of *one* single heart,
There is that more than rivals thee! and here,
The swellings of innum'rous hearts abound;
And not a day, but ere it die, contains
A hist'ry, that unroll'd, will awe the heavens
To wonder, and the listening earth with fear.

In capitals of such gigantic sweep,
And bosoming for a momentous sway
Materials, which, by word or deed, create

An impulse throbbing through the region'd world,
Spirits of Darkness! how hath Vice prevail'd;
Though scornfully, as now, your victims mock
The name of Satan with triumphant sneer.
Obliging creatures! did their race abhorr'd,
What blighting sense we have of Virtue's power,
And all those living elements of love
And glory, that around them move and dwell,
Imagine,—they would learn to guard them more.
But, no! so blindly fool'd, and fed they are
With arrogance, or deifying self,
That when most fetter'd, they appear most free.—
How devils laugh to see such wisdom bound!

An awful kingdom must thy Passions sway,

Thou English Babylon! The Book of Life
With records that have made the angels weep,
Each daring moment thou dost darkly fill:—
For whatsoe'er the Spirit can reveal
Of fallen nature, in her varying realm
Of sinfulness, is ever shewn by thee.
Here, Fraud and Murder on their thrones erect
Infernal standards, and around them swarm
Such progenies, as Vileness, Want, and Woe
Beget,—to live, like cannibals, on blood;
Or move as crawling vipers in the path
Of infamy, foul lewdness, or despair.
Here, Misery betrays her wildest form,
And sheds her hottest tear. See! as they rush,
Thy million sons, along the sounding streets,

Upon them how she turns her haggard gaze,
Lifts her shrunk hand, and with heart-piercing wail,
A boon in God's name asks:—but let her die,
And be her death-couch the remorseless stones!
For when the hungry winter blast shall pause
To list the wailing of a lonely tree,
Thy crowds will stop, and pity her despair!
Here Pride, in her most vulgar glory struts;
And Envy all her vip'rous offspring breeds,
To scatter poison with a hand unseen.—
But, Mammon! thou almighty friend of Hell,
Sure London is thy ever-royal seat,
Thy chosen capital, thy matchless home!
Where rank idolaters, of every lot
And land, do bow them to the basest dust
That Falsehood, Flattery, or Cunning treads,

From dawn to eve, and serve thee with as true
A love, as ever Angel served his God !
See ! how the hard and greedy worldlings crowd,
With toiling motion, through the foot-worn ways ;
The sour and sullen, wretched, rack'd and wild,—
The whole vile circle of uneasy slaves.
Mark one, with features of ferocious hue ;
Another, carved by Villany's own hand
A visage wears, and through the trait'rous blood
The spirit works, like venom from the soul !

What rush and roar unceasing ! and how strange
A mass of objects, as I move along
Invisible, amid these floods of life
I see ;—a chaos of unnumber'd hearts,
Beating and bounding, charged with great design,

And making Fate, at every pulse, to feel,—
Before me acts its mighty tragedy!
Planted amid it, rise those aged piles
Whose dim-worn walls a cent'ry's meaning speak,
Where Truth is worshipp'd, and whose spiry towers
Are frequent mutt'ring how the hours depart,
With unregarded wisdom; or, with moan
Funereal, wailing for some vanish'd soul.
But hail! thou monument to Hell!—yon pile
Whose massiness a mournful shadow frowns,
Where felon captives, for their crimes, await
The vengeance due to violated law.—
A day restored, and in thy dungeon wept
A victim, whom a darker prison holds
Than ever human horror shaped! Had Crime
Beheld him, more than fun'ral sermons teach,

His glance of agony had taught! How oft,
When gaily passing, ominously came
A chill of terror from these prison-walls!
And when he enter'd their sepulchral gloom,
Like memory, that chill return'd.—To die
A malefactor's death,—to be the gaze,
The damned, hideous, and detested gaze
Of thousands, staring out their hungry eyes
To glut their wonder, while on tiptoe placed,
To see the spirit gasping from his throat,
And chronicle his agony ;—to live
A ballad-hero, in the creaking rhymes
Of vagabonds, and have his felon name
From lip to lip thus vilely bandied out,
For vulgar warning,—oh! ye sinless days
Of childhood; oh! ye hours of love and home,

And summer dreams, by haunted wood or wild,
And blessings nightly murmur'd from the lip
Of parents,—glory of remember'd days!
Is *this* your ending, and his dreadful fate,
For whom old Age did prophesy renown,
And Fondness built her palaces? A sire,
Who dream'd th' heroic grandeur of his race
In him revived, and in his youthful ear
Did oft unroll his famed ancestry,
To mount the blood, and keep the spirit pure;
A mother, made of tenderness, who watch'd
His cradle-slumber, and when manhood came,
Still breath'd her spirit round his onward way:
Oh! these would shudder in their sacred tombs,
And on his name the kindless world expend
The infamy that to a gallows clings

If Law should wreak her vengeance. But one drop
Of poison, and this ignominious show
Was saved!—a tremor of despair, a tide
Of anguish, burning through his blood and brain,
With the fierce whirling of imagined fires,—
And shrunk, and ghastly, lay a Suicide!

Huge, high, and solemn, sanctified by time,
And gazing skyward in the towery gloom
Of temple majesty, another pile
Behold! in mid-air ponderously rear'd.—
How dread a power pervadeth things, this mass
Of ancient glory tells. Whereon it stands,
The vacant winds did trifle, and the laugh
Of sunshine sported in bright freedom there:
It rose,—and lo! there is a spirit-awe

Around it dwelling ; with suspended heart
'Tis enter'd, where a cold, sepulchral hush,
The holiness of its immensity,
The heaven-like vastness of the vaulted aisles,
The faded banners, and the trophied tombs,
And look of monumental melanch'ly,—
With aching sadness overcloud the soul
Of mortals, as they walk the reverend gloom
Of arch and nave, immersed in dreams of death.

Methinks, Ambition might grow humble here :
Though, blazon'd high, the mausoleums rise,
And from stain'd windows rosy light-shades fall
On armoury, and crests of costly hue,
Heraldic glare, and sculptured canopies
To grace the dust of hero, sage, or king,—

The sense, that rankling clay beneath such pomp
Alone remains, humiliates, and chills
The passion for proud greatness. But her eye
More frequent to yon lonely transept turns,
Where worshipp'd heroes of the heart repose,
And on it gazeth, with a deeper awe
Than ever high-raised tomb of monarchs won.—
No matter! bard or king, the Curse decrees
For all,—re-union with their fellow clay.

Echoes on echoes roll'd, and reproduced
As though invisibly with rushing flame
O'erwhelm'd, the music-waken temple sounds.—
Hark! peal on peal, and burst on burst, sublime
The prelude comes, ascendeth loudly full,
And in a whirl of rapture rolls away!

But ere it died, a thousand faces shone
With ecstasy; as sunshine, in a sweep
Of gladness over hill and meadow shot,
Doth waken tints of glory from the scene,—
So drew the music, in its sweeping flow
O'er mortal features, flashes from the soul,
Bright hues, and meanings passionately mixt.

The heaven of music! how it wafts and waves
Itself, in all the poetry of sound,—
Amid an atmosphere of human heart
Suffused,—so full the homage here outbreathed:
Now throbbing like a happy thing of air,
Then dying a voluptuous death, as lost
In its own lux'ry, now alive again
In sweetness,—wafted like a vocal cloud

Mellifluously breaking,—seems the strain!
And what a play of magic on each face
Of feeling! Dark and thund'ry when it rolls,
The eyes turn inward with a dream profound;
When festive, such as storms a hero's mind,
A spirit revels in the raptured face!
But when, from faint and feeble ecstasy
Of tune, into a melancholy tone
That pierces, ray-like, through the gloom of years,
The music dies,—then, icy thrills the blood,
And glitt'ring sadness on each eye-ball spreads,
Like dewy rapture from the soul distill'd.

All music is the mystery of sound,
Whose soul lies sleeping in the air, till roused,—
And lo, it pulses into melody!

Deep, low, or wild, obedient to the throb
Of instrumental magic: on its wings
Are visions, too, of tenderness and love,
Beatitude and joy. Thus, over waves
Of beauty, landscapes in their loveliest glow,
And the warm languish of their summer streams,
A list'ning soul is borne; while Home renews
Her paradise, beneath the moonlight veil
That mantles o'er the past, till unshed tears
Gleam in the eye of memory. But when
Some harmony of preternatural swell
Begins, then, awful-wing'd, the spirit soars
Away, and mingles with immensity!

Such sorcery in music dwells:—if they,
Now doom'd awhile to walk this heaven-roof'd world,

Might hear the melodies that I have heard,
When Heaven, complexion'd by Almightyness,
In glory,—sounded with the choral hymn
Of Princedoms high, and Dominations grand,
Of thousand Saints, of thousand Cherubim,
And Angel numbers who outmillion'd far
Bright worlds, that in the blue and waveless deep
Of night, innumerable hang,—if men
Might hear it, 'twould absorb their souls away!
Yet such I heard: oh! what a sea of sound
Went billowing with ecstatical delight
Through fathomless immensity, when hosts
Divine, their Holy, Holy, Holy, sung.
While loud Hosannahs to the living God
Commingled,—making Heaven more heavenly glow!

That hour is gone, that strain is hush'd, to me ;
For, listen, Angels, how the hell-choirs hymn !

Another triumph of exhaustless mind !
Which Love and Wisdom, Beauty and fair Truth,
That bright quaternion of immortal power,
Tempt as I may, enchantingly sublime.
Visions of holiness, and lofty dreams
Of lofty spirits, glorify the walls
Of this vast dome,—revealings of the soul
Intense, and passions of pictorial spell.
Painters are silent poets ; in their hues
A language glows, whose words are magic tints
Of meaning, which both eye and soul perceive :
Theirs is a Victor Art ! for Time attends
With ages on his wing, and Seasons wait

Her godlike call ; while Glory, Love, and Grace,
And the deep harmonies of human Thought,
Live at the waving of her mighty wand !

Then let me look on this ethereal show
Wherein the painter hath a mind transfused,
Turning his thoughts to colours. What a thirst
For beauty, in his longing soul must burn,
Who vision'd this,—a landscape gods might tread !
The sky hangs glorious, and the yellow smiles
Of summer, on a faintly-writhed stream
Are dallying with a bright exultance ; trees
Unpruned, and bowing graceful, as the wind
In wooing fondness weaves its melody
Among them ; over rocks of cloudy shape
The green enchantment of declining boughs

Is flushing, whence a vein of water flows,
And frolics on in many a shining trail
Of sinuous revelry; till margin-flowers
Beside it bloom, and shadow the young waves;
But *there* the beautiful perfection smiles!
An Eve-like form beside a dimpled lake
Is standing;—in her eye, a heaven of soul,
And, o'er her figure, the fair luxury
Of youth, and symmetry, divinely graced.
That moon-like glowing of her loveliness,
Those limbs of light, and that seraphic air,—
Whence sprung it all, but from that haunting thirst
For beauty that is not,—the fine excess
Of feeling, that in high-toned spirits works,
And overflows in visionary joy.—

Here is a sunset, in that golden calm
Appearing, when the regnant King of day
Awhile in bright complacence views the world
Which he hath glorified ;—so Godhead look'd
On infant Nature, when she lay complete,
Beneath the full reflection of His smile !
And near, a Night is pictured, in her dead
Of noon : the canopy of azure pomp
Hung starless,—but the Queen of Heaven is there,
In rounded glory ; and her slumb'rous veil
Hath shadow'd Earth, and on blue Ocean lies
In rolls of silver :—by the sallow beach
Two maidens in their girlhood stand, and seem
Enrapt to watch how delicately bright
The moon's pale fancies tint yon fleeting waves ;

Or, listen to the faint sweet undersong
Of dream-like waters, dying on the shore.

But, what is this!—the Deluge that devour'd
A living world!—a sunless, moonless waste,—
The globe into a chaos of wild sea
Dissolved! Her hour of agony is o'er;
But yet, the fierceness of disaster'd skies
Frowns dreadful, where unnat'ral clouds,
Like dying monsters welt'ring on the deep,
Float awful in the gloom.— How dead and mute
The vasty ruin! Not a look of life
Dwells there,—the carcase of a guilty world!
All green delightfulness, all glowing pomp,
The Seasons' young magnificence of bloom,
And promise, with the godlike shapes of men

Have perish'd. By the rocky darkness, crags,
And mountain-skeletons by billows wash'd,
The oozy branches, where lank serpents coil,
And in the deadness of two paly forms
Foam'd from the deep, and dash'd upon the shore
In solitude,—a mortal may be awed,
And dream, until he hear the deluge roar!

But let it pass : for lo ! the dark sublime,
The midnight and immensity of art
I see ; as though his eye had seen the hour
When down in thunder through the yawning skies
A whirlwind of rebellious angels came !—
The painter hath infernal pomp reveal'd.
That second Milton, whose creative soul
Doth shadow visions to such awful life,

That men behold them with suspended breath,
And grow ethereal at a gaze^c. How high
And earthless hath his daring spirit soar'd,
To paint the Hell that kindled up the skies,
And wield the lightnings that his Maker hurl'd!—

These Arts are revelations which unfold
How Mind, disdainful of material bounds,
In spiritual romance delights to dream;
Through heavens of her creation to expand
Her wings, and wanton in celestial light;
As soars the lark from her low nest of dew,
To sing and revel in the boundless air.
The fallen myriads, in whose dimless gaze
Eternity of glory shines, may look
With something of ambitious sympathy,

On this proud struggle of the soul with sense,—
This warfare of the visible with things
Of viewless essence, yet prevailing power.
A haughty captive fetter'd in his clay,
Man's Nature, peering through her prison-house,
Doth catch a shadow, and a dim advance
Of something purer, brighter, yet to be.
And what is Genius?—but the glowing mind
Half disembodied, flutt'ring in a realm
Of magic, dreaming, dazzled, and inspired.—

How dark a contrast hath a moment made
In this world's promise!—*here*, the shame of Art
Confronts me; and might Pity deaden Hate,
My love for ruin should be lessen'd now.—
In a lone chamber, on a tatter'd couch

A dying painter lies. His brow shows young
And noble ; lines of beauty on his face
Yet linger ; in his eye of passion gleams
A soul, and on his cheek a spirit-light
Is playing, with that proud sublimity
Of thought, that yields to death, but gives to Time
A Fame that will avenge his wrongs, and write
Their hist'ry in her canonized roll
Of martyrs :—be it for his epitaph,
He lived for genius, and for genius died !
So sad and lone !—wall'd in by misery,
With none to smoothe his couch, or shed the tear
That softens pain,—uncheer'd, unwept, unknown,
And famish'd by the want of many days,—
Hither ! Ambition ; wisdom breathes in woe.

There are, to whom this elemental frame
Of wonders seemeth but an outward show,
To look upon, and aid the life of things :
But some in more ethereal mould are cast,
Who from the imagery of nature cull
Fair meanings, and magnificent delights ;
Extracting glory from whate'er they view,
Making th' unbodied air a blessing, light
A joy, and sov'reign attributes of Earth
Enchanting ministers to sense and soul.—
And such was he. An orphan of the woods,
With Nature, in her ancientness of gloom
And cavern, dark-peak'd hill, and wild,
Whose boughs waved midnight in the eye of Day,—
He dwelt ; until he hung the wizard sky

With fancies, and with earth incorporate grew!—
Nature and he, in one communion glow'd :
With all her moods, majestic, calm, or wild,
He sympathized. In glory did he hear
Ecstatic thunders antheming the storm !
And when the winds fled by him, he would take
Their dauntless wings, and travel in their roar !
He worshipp'd the great Sea ;—when rocking wild,
Making the waters blossom into foam
With her loud wrath ; or savagely reposed,
Like a dark monster dreaming in his lair.

No wonder then, by Nature thus sublimed,
With all her forms and features at his soul,
The brain should teem with visions, and his hand
A glorious mimicry of Earth and Heaven

Perform! till lakes and clouds, and farnish'd woods
In wintry loneness, crags and eagle-haunts,
And torrents in their mountain-rapture seen,
All dread, all high, all melancholy things,—
Full on his canvass started into life,
And look'd Creation!—To the capital
A parentless and unacquainted youth
He came, while many a prophecy still hung
About his heart, and made his bosom heave
With young expectancy.—Romantic fool!
To fancy genius and success were twins,
In such a sphere: how soon the dream was o'er!
Here Envy dogg'd him, Av'rice trampled down
His worth, and in the gloom of aidless want
His spirit bow'd,—but never was enslaved!
There was that haughtiness of proud despair,

That forward looking to avenging years
Which plucks the thorn from present woe, and drives
Adversity from out her darkest mood,—
To cheer him on, and buoy the spirit o'er
The indirection of opinion's tide:
He felt, as all the mighty ever feel,—
True greatness must o'erlook the living hour,
And task the future with her fame, alone.
Thus cherish'd he self-rev'rence; and the heart
Was faithful:—from the hand, or voice of men,
No comfort came; but Nature was his own,
As ever! When the jarring city-roar
Woke round him, he could hush it in the calm
Of memory, and azure solitude
Of native skies: the weird-like tempest sound
O'er his dark chamber mutter'd, bade him dream

Of wilds, and whirlwinds havocking the night
Afar; and when a pilgrim sunset ray
Sat at his window, like a smile from home,
He scorn'd the present, and would think, how once
He loved to watch the bright farewell of day
Reflected o'er the roll of ocean-waves,
Like sea-clouds rising in a gorgeous swell.—
Thus lived the victim of an art adored,
And perish'd in his passion!—On his name
A veil is hung; and his achievements lie
Forgotten; but a fame awaits them still!
Eternity will take a hue from Time,
And Life, a shade of the immortal doom
Hereafter, is. But even this false world
Shall on his honour'd tomb a death-wreath hang,
Lament, and season ages with his woe.

And thus the world turns round! Then who are
they

Who, wing'd by Fortune's onward gales, exult
In blooming greatness, with a golden lot
Endow'd, and smiled upon by vassal eyes
That hunt for favour? Are they lofty ones,
Th' unbending pure, within whose natures lodge
All feelings that ennoble man? Does Worth,
Or Wisdom, glorious exaltation win?—
Why, no!—too much with evil is the Earth
Impregn'd, for life-illuming smiles to fall
Where merit would adorn them. 'Tis the base,
The sly, insinuating serpent-souls,
That wind about the meanness of mankind;
'Tis they, with lying blandness on the lip,
Whose tuneful flattery, that cloyless sweet!

Can still the gusty tempers of the proud
To fond subjection, and the vain enchant
To patrons blind, yet most benevolent.—
Yes! these are they who glitter with the crown
Of fortune, sit upon the world's high thrones,
And on the toiling-majesty of Worth
Beneath, look down, and laugh at virtuous woe!

But there are other miracles of mind
In this Queen-city: whatsoe'er the hand
Can shape, or inward organ prove; whate'er
Applying Art can from the soul translate
To sense or vision, for the world's free gaze,
Is here produced. Thus, London is a sun
Of inspiration to the parent isle:
Within the circle of a minute act

Uncounted minds, of multiplying power
To times and generations.—But a trace
Of ME, Humanity! thou dost not lose,
However lofty thy victorious march;
For in this region of the learn'd and wise
The pettiness and pride of Nature dwell.
Then what is Wisdom, with a heart unsound?
One noble action doth outweigh it all,
Though ages be its burden. Meek and pure,
Who lives in humble earnestness, partakes
His lot with cheerful eye, and loving heart,
And sees a brotherhood in all mankind;
Whose teachers are the elements, whose lore,
A bible on the soul impress'd,—that man,
Howe'er undignified his earthly doom
Appear, is far more glorious in the eye

Of angels, than the spirit-ruling host
Of learning, who have never learnt the way
To virtue, and the heart's true nobleness.
But this, I would not that the earth would prove :
Corruption is the rankling seed I sow,
And aye abundant may the harvest bloom !

That mighty lever that has moved the world,
The Press of England,—from her dreadless source
Of living action, here begins to shake
The far-off isles, and awe the utmost globe !
She is a passion, pour'd into mankind,
Dark, deep, and silent oft, but ever felt ;
Mixed with the mind, and feeding with a food
Of thought, the moral being of a soul ;
Or, shaping solemn destinies for Time,

And dread Eternity. Terrific Power!
Thou mightst have half annihilated Hell,
And her great denizens, by glorious sway:
But now, so false, so abject, and so foul^d
Become,—no blasting Pestilence e'er shed
Such ruin from her tainted wings, as thou
May'st carry in thy circulating floods
Of thought and feeling, into human hearts.
One wrecks the body,—thou dost havoc souls,
And who shall heal them? Let thy temples rise,
Britannia!—they are but satiric piles
Of sanctity, while poison in thy press
Is pour'd, and on its lying magic live
Thy thousand vulgar, who heart-famish'd seem,
When Slander feeds not with her foul excess
Their appetite for infamy.—The sun

Not surer where his hot intemperance falls
The spirit of his burning nature proves,
Than masses of pollution, roll'd from day
To day, across an Empire's heart, awake
A tinge of sentiment and hue of thought
In many, till they act the crimes they read.

E'en now mine eye is on a dismal wretch,
By Fate, or fortune, for a villain doom'd ;
In whom is summ'd up all that can profane
The name of man ; ignoble as the dust,
And rocky-hearted as a wretch can be ;
E'en such a one, exultingly I view
Heap lie on lie with such remorseless speed,
And so envenom with his viper touch
The good and glorious, that all Virtue seems

To wither, and all wisdom to be dead
Awhile, beneath the blackness of his taint ;
Yea ! such a monster do I see destroy
The healthful nature of the noblest mind,—
And yet live on his execrable life,
And like a plague-spot spread his soul abroad,
Till millions turn as tainted as his own !

How false, and yet how fair, are scenes of man !
Between what *is*, and that which *seems* to be,
How dark a gap of untold diff'rence frowns !
There is a hollowness in human things
Of pride or pleasure born, which none confess,
Yet all must feel. The moments tuned
To highest happiness, have strings that jar
Upon some inward sense ; the sweetest cup

Enchanted Ecstasy can drink, will leave
A humbling dreg of bitterness behind.
But this sad victory of unrestful thought,
This cloud-tint on the brightest firmament
Of joy, this deep abyss of discontent
Beyond a universe to fill!—though felt,
Is rarely owned; for Pride steps in, and puts
A smile upon the cheek, and in the eye,
Delusion; making Love, or Wealth, or Fame,
The seeming aspect of perfection wear:
And thus, deceiving each, and each deceived,
Men gild the hour, and call it happiness!

A proof is here! a chamber long and large,
Of kingly air, and with o'erbranching lights,
From the high ceiling pouring down a noon

Of lustre, that doth goldenly bedeck
The costliness around. Amid it, group'd
For converse, shine a host of either sex ;
And who are they ?—the race Ambition bred,
And madden'd, till they won her wizard wreath.—
Oh ! what a demon-fire, what parching heat
Through blood and spirit, is the lust of fame ;
No tiger passion tearing at the soul
So dreadful, as the ever-gnawing wish
For Reputation ! How it burns the heart
Away, and blisters up the health of life !—
Yet, such have many in this chamber'd host
Endured ; but now, as high and dominant
As potentates, and intellectual lords,
They reign upon their thrones of mind, and live
The worshipp'd of the land. But *are* they blest

With such a madding fulness of delight,
As once the far-off shadow of Renown
Did promise, wooing them to his fond arms?—
O thou, that hunger'st for bewild'ring fame,
Come here, and prove what rottenness of heart,
What fev'rous envy, what corrosive sense
Of emulation, in these glorious dwell,
What under-currents in this scene of joy!
Smiles in the surface, but a coward tide
Of jealousy beneath. Hark! to the gibe,
O Hate, the tart dissent, the damning sneer,—
To such a littleness the mighty fall!
Behold it, Ignorance! redeem thy blush,
And take a happier name. But what a feast
Of Vengeance doth my gloomy nature hail
In this false scene, where they who write so fine,

And think so free,—whose spirits are abroad
In this great world, on such grand tones of thought,
Beneath the shadow of almighty wings
The simple think they mused sublime,—betray
The more than weakness of unworthy man,
When Nature's venom quickens at the heart,
Or, full reality the feeling tries.

And thou! just gilded with a public smile,
Thy mind is dancing on a sea of thoughts
That billow onward with delirious joy:
For now, the hackney'd wonder of the night
Thou art, and by the music of fair tongues
Enchanted; flatt'ers feed thine ears with praise,
And clog it into deafness.—Hear'st thou not,
How Envy whispers off thy bloom of fame,

Till Meanness in her robe arrayeth thee ?
Thou fool of Flattery ! *this* the glorious doom.
Ambition sought ? Is Greatness only great,
When flatter'd, known, and seen ? Canst thou so bend,
And be so derogate ? Canst thou, whose eye
Can read the stars, and commune with the clouds,
Who feel'st the fibres of Creation's heart
Harmonious trembling to thine own,—descend,
To lose thy loftiness in this dull scene ?
Back to thy haunts ! the ocean and the winds
Attend thee ; Nature is thy temple ; kneel,
And worship in her mighty solitude.
Look up ! and learn a lesson of the sun,
That bright almighty moving through the heavens !
Lonely and lofty, in his sphere sublime,
But acting ever ;—such is noble fame !

Some gracious, grand, and most accomplish'd few,
Each with a little kingdom in his brain,
Who club together to recast the world,
And love so many, that they care for none ;
These have I witness'd, laughing at their realms
Of airy texture, by Ambition wove :—
But here is madness, far outfooling this.
For lo ! the den whence oracles proceed,
Like exhalations from the noisome earth,
That once inbreathed, are death ! This wonderful
Perfection of the vile, surpasseth all
Temptation in her darkest mood employs !
Yes, here are spirits, such as hell-thrones grace,
Convened to disinherit God of souls,
And on the blasphemous attempt of pride
Erect a dynasty of Sense supreme ;

Each man a god unto himself, let loose
In all the blinding wantonness of Will.
And this is freedom, dignified for Man,—
When having fed the agonies of life
By years of being, weary, worn, and sad,
To close existence in the clay he treads,—
A soulless, dreamless, unimagined Nought!

Where sleep the thunders of convicting Wrath?
Devils believe, and tremble; men deny,
And laugh! How enviably endow'd they are!
We, bow'd and blasted by opposeless Heaven,
Abhor the Godhead, but his name confess;
But things of Earth, infatuated vile,
Too darken'd to dissect a flower, or tell
The meaning of an atom that they tread,—

Would dare annihilate the living God
Above, and mock the miseries of Hell below!—
Oh! all, and more than Satan could desire,
Blind teachers of the blind, might this world sink
To wallow in the darkness that ye breed;
To such the heathen would be heavenly-wise.
For they, though Revelation ne'er unroll'd
Her banner, where the charmed words abound,
From their unaided gloom, above the sense
Did climb; and in the vaulty skies, their gods
Enthroned, or, heard them in the voiceful deep,
Or in the howling of the homeless winds.
A cloud was on them; but a spark within
Yet lived, and saved them from eclipse of soul.—
But, Admiration *must* be felt, while POWER
Existeth; on it man will gaze, and prove

The vast dependance for his lot ordain'd :

A visible, substantial Deity

Moves round him ; in the march of Elements

His steps are traced, and Truth is ever by,

To tread them deep, and track them on to God.

And hence, these murd'ers of the soul are weak
In process ; too infernal is the creed
They fashion, far too poor in its exchange
For that divineness of Redeeming Love
They combat ; for, with freedom they are free,
As billows toss'd upon the giant main,
As feathers on the travell'd whirlwind borne,
Are free !—No, rather some corruptive arts
Of saintly mixture, on the glozing tongue
Of hypocrites, with innovating clouds

Of Doctrine,—would I at their work behold,
Than the rash vileness of unheavenly fools;
A few they poison, but re-action wakes!
For one they ruin, thousands are sublimed
To holy vengeance, which to Hell may prove,
Excess of evil is the source of good.

But lo! again the magic sunset woos:
The heavens are flow'ring with a rosy mass
Of splendor, richly hued; and, floating on,
It deepens round the dying sun, who glares
With fierce redundancy awhile, then sinks
Away, like glory from Ambition's eye.
Behind him—many a cloud-idolater
Will say,—what rocks, and hills, and waves of light!
Magnificent confusion! such as beam'd

When the rash boy-god charioted the skies,
 And made a burning chaos of the clouds!—
 But this hath pass'd: a sea of stillness glows
 In the far west, where Melancholy loves
 To bathe her fancies, while a soundless calca,—
 As though Eternity were closing up
 The world, to let it faint in light away,
 And for some beautiful unvision'd state
 Of ante-life, her exiled spirit long'd*,—
 Comes round her, like a slumber shed on air.

And well, lone pilgrims, at the shaded hour
 Of twilight, when a golden stillness reigns,
 Like lustre from a far-off angel host
 Reflected; and the unoffending breeze

* Ην πού ἡμῶν ἡ ψυχὴ πρὸς τὸν οὐρανὸν ἀνδραγατῶν ἐκεῖ γυμναζομένη.—Plot. Phil.

Hath music that the day-wind seldom weaves,
May sadness creep upon thee, and thy heart,
Unspeakably, with yearning fancies glow.—
Of life, a living vision,—and the hour
That ends it, like a cloudy dream of air
That vanisheth to some allotted world ;
Of faded youth, and unforgotten friends
Whose tombstones over life a shadow fling,
No sunshine can efface ; of all that makes
The lone heart wander to a dream-like home
Of sadness,—mortal ! thou didst ponder ought.

Such will not ever be : thy death-gloom pierced,
And awful on the unimprison'd soul
Will blaze a sun-burst of revealing truth !
Wherein these mysteries of sight and sense

Shall all unravell'd lie.—The wizard Night
In cavern darkness robed ; the lone sweet star,
Oft worshipp'd for a beatific orb
Where bright Immortals dwell ; the moon's romance,
The sun's enchantment, when he wakes to smile
The day abroad, or visioneth departing Life
By his deep setting ; with the spirit-tone
Of winds, the ocean's ever mutt'ring choir
Of billows, weaving her mysterious spell,—
And all that thus predominantly awes
Or saddens feeling, shall itself resolve
In spiritual completion. Then, thy tear
Ecstatic, radiant with adoring thought ;
The rapture, thrilling like a viewless chain
From Heaven let down, and link'd around the soul,
Shall be translated by unbodied mind.—

Meanwhile, be mine to veil thee with a show
Of outward things ; to monarchise the Will,
And crown it thus the wisdom of the sense,
Whose promptings, more than spirit, men obey.

Now hath dead midnight hush'd the world : it lies
Suffused with freshness, like a meadow steep'd
In verdant quiet, when the flood hath pass'd.
All deeply pure, impalpably divine,
A something o'er this hour prevails, which men
Call awe, that doth not in their day-life reign ;
For then, a flush'd existence, and a false
Enchantment gathers round the rising hours
To hue their destiny. But midnight cools
The spirit into thinking calm ; then sounds
Come o'er it with a deeper thrill ; and scenes

That in the day a common gladness wore,
Grow solemn ; then the leaf-notes mourn,
And boughs, like hearse-plumes, wave their shadowy
pomp.—

By day, the Present, but at night, the Past.
Prevails ; a moonlight tenderness o'er things
Departed, flings a fond regretful gloom ;
And then, Life takes a feeling from the soul,
And, in Earth's tints of paradise, can trace
A beauty that unkinde hours deny,—
The harp is shatter'd, but the sounds remain *!

Yet, 'tis not that the tenderness of tears
Awakes ; that Childhood smiles upon the thought,
As looks an Angel through the veil of dreams ;
It is not that the heart-remember'd rise

From early tombs, to be once more beloved,
And featured, till the deadness of the dead
In mem'ry's vision-life is half forgot :
'Tis not such charm alone :—nor that which frowns
From temple, dome, or everlasting hill
Which darkness hath sublimed. But that deep sense
Which he who pierces through the lonesome air
Far o'er the mute immeasurable sky
Where radiate worlds, for adoration feels,
Making the midnight holy!—Worshipp'd orbs,
On ME no mystic awfulness ye shed ;
For, when unblasted, I beheld ye rise
And glitter into being, bright and pure,
The shining trophies of Almighty Will !
But Mortals, dimly aided by their dreams,
Behold ye, nursing the unutter'd thought, ^{va}.

With pondering hope, and apprehensive awe.
They wonder, if the unearth'd Spirit dwells
Among ye ? where the seraph-mansions blaze,
And who amid them are the bright and blest ?

Then, is there not a Spirit-world ?—The blind
May question, and the mocking idiot laugh,
But in her, round her, wheresoe'er she move,
Mortality might reap immortal faith,
And *feel* what cannot in the flesh be *known*.—
In the wild mystery of Earth and Air,
Sun, Moon, and Star, and the unslumb'ring sea,—
There is a meaning and a power, commixt
For thought, and for undying fancy tuned.
And by thy panting for the unattain'd
On earth ; by longings which no language speak ;

By the dread torture of o'er-mast'ring doubt ;
By thirst for Beauty, such as eye ne'er saw,
And yet, is ever mirror'd on the mind ;
By Love, in her rich heavenliness array'd ;
By Guilt and Conscience,—that terrific pair
Who make the dead to mutter from their tombs,
Or colour Nature with the hues of Hell,
By all the fire and frenzy of the soul,
And REVELATION's everlasting voice,—Oh Man !
Thou art immortal as thy Maker is !

Now is mine hour, the hour of conflict, come,
When the dark future over Nature frowns
Like destiny ; now Spirit is Herself
Again, and Thought, within her cell retired,
Doth hold dim converse with eternal things.—

Many are mourning now! and sighs are born
In slow succession, like unweaving tears,
Prophetic and profound. The Worldling sees
In darkness, what the day could not reveal,—
Himself! and sorrows at the faithful view.
“ Another day eternal made!—Oh, Time
And Destiny, how swift ye roll the world
Along, to which such eager myriads cling
In duty, fondness, or despair! Alas!
Too much we make, yet far too little think
Of Time: but O, at this untroubled hour
How awfully the inward visions rise!
Infinity is round me; and I feel
A dampness on my spirit, and a stark
Unearthliness of thought:—the dead awake,
Unlock their tombs, and tell me I must die!”

What sadness here ; and what a wounded soul ;
And yet, the World shall his physician be !

But, hark ! the moanings of the deep-mouth'd bells
Herald the Midnight o'er the drowsy world.
Now Earth is one day older ; time itself
More hallow'd,—for the past is further proved ;
Earth, Heaven, and Hell have felt this fleeting day,
That now is chronicled for Judgment ! Morn
Hath look'd on many with her radiant eye,
Whose brows shall never meet her beam again !
Another Sun, another System works
Around them ; they who dwelt in distant climes,
And diff'rent natures wore,—the friend and foe,
The loveless and the loving,—all who once
Through time, or circumstance, estranged and far

Existed, now are met, where nothing more
Is alien, but *one* Darkness, or *one* Light,
As Vice or Virtue doom'd them. Oh! ye sad
And discontented, weary, worn, and grey;
Thou wooer of the melancholy hour,
Loving the silence for the dream it gave,
Sick of the world, and sighing for a tomb;
And ye, on whom this Life a burden lay,
Yet often loosed it, when the dying bell
Of midnight, like a warning from the grave
Went in its sadness through the soul,—your gaze
Doth witness, what your nature never dreamt;
The veil is torn, the mystery unseal'd,
And ye are men no more!—Methinks a Voice
From many, would revisit this far world!

But no; the Dust is faithful to her dead,
And they are silent, till the trumpet speak!—

And now, my wand'ring dark in this free Isle!
Is o'er; through town and village, house and street,
By virtue of my nature, have I roam'd,—
A sightless Presence, an unshadow'd Power,
An undream'd watcher, moving round the hearts
Of men, and looking into depths of soul,
Where none but Hell, and the Immortals gaze.—
The sights that none have seen; the voices none
Have heard, with all the agony and glow,
The longings, workings, and unquenched heat
Of passion, mingled in the sleepless mind,
And fever'd into what a life is named,—
These have I witness'd; and on what thou art,

And wert, and might'st have been, heaven-favour'd
land!

Reflected,—weighing thee for future worlds.

The future Worlds!—each day and hour, thy dead
Are there; each moment is a Hell or Heaven
To many of thy dust.—Thou bear'st the awe
Of destiny; as on the Earth thy Power
Hath stamp'd her mightiness on every realm,
Printing the roll of Time with many a track
Of gloom and glory, havoc or renown;
So, when the Universe is roll'd away
Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty frown!
Eternity shall chronicle thy name
For wonder;—it will be a sign in Heaven.

Then speed thee onward in thy vaunting course

Of empire ; let no dream of Judgment shade
Thy soul, or touch thee with a solemn fear :
Plunge in the Future ! let the Past be dead
To thee,—for when shall ENGLAND'S sceptre fail ?
Thus think, and do, and perish in thy dream !—
Empires of old, that champion'd ages, what
Are ye ?—a tongueless gloom ! Yet once I mark'd
Your palmy greatness : sea-famed Tyre I saw,
When Ocean cower'd beneath her vassal ships ;
And hoar Chaldea's hundred-gated Queen,
In high-wall'd glory !—tell me, what are they !
And she, Earth's ancient tyranness, vast Rome,—
The rolling of her battle-cars, the voice
Of Scipio, and the sound of Cæsar's march,
Did I not hear, when Kingdoms were her slaves ?
And thou, the fairy-isled, forsaken Greece !

When Sage and Bard, and battle-wreaths were
thine,—

When all that cent'ries glorified could yield
Was mass'd and mingled for thy one renown,
I walk'd thy streets, and prophesied thy doom!
Thus fell the mighty;—shall not Britain fall?

But lo! the heavens are ominously gloom'd,
Methinks, as though they frown'd a dark response.
Erewhile, and star-troops in their island glow
Around the wan enchantress of the skies
Appear'd, while lovingly the azure lay
Between them, softer than the lid of sleep.—
But now, all pregnant with unbursted ire
They threaten, muffling up the pomp of night.—
There is a gasping in the heated air,

A wing-like flutter in the tim'rous boughs,
And sigh, and sound, from out the heart of things
Invisible, breathed forth ;—the Storm awakes !
A thousand thunder-wombs the sky oppress,
The lightnings lance the clouds, and North to South,
And East to West, a tale of darkness tells !
Hark ! as the wearied echoes howl themselves
Away, the roaring of the midnight sea,
Beneath the cliff, doth take a sounding life,
For she is waved with glory ! billows heave
Their blackness in the wind, and, bounding on
In vaulting madness, beat the rocky shore
Incessant, flaking it with plummy foam.

I love this passion of the elements,
This mimicry of Chaos in their might

Of storm! and here, in its lone awfulness,
When ev'ry cloud is at his thunders-hymn,
Earth throbs, and nature in convulsion reeks,
Farewell to ENGLAND!—Into other climes
Where mountain-awe, and ocean majesty
Prevaileth, and where Time hath wreck'd the world,
I wing my flight,—but on her leave the spell
I weave for Nations, till her hour be come.
And come it shall!—When on this guardian cliff
Again I stand, the whirlwind and the wrath
Of Desolation will have swept her throne
Away! A darkness, as of old, will reign,
The Woods be standing where her Cities tower,
And Ocean wailing for his desert Isle!

NOTES TO BOOK III.



NOTES.

NOTE, page 258.

*Than ye, vicegerents of infernal power,
By that undreading fool, Philosophy.—*

“The press has long been actively employed, and never so actively as now, in undermining the foundations of faith, and effacing all respect for religious institutions, and for religion itself.”—SOUTHEY'S *Colloquies*.

NOTE, page 299.

Sweet Country would imparadise the soul.

Perhaps, one of the most beautiful passages in Pope's Letters is on this subject. “I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow: for I doubt not but God's works here, are what come nearest to his works there; and that a true relish for the beauties of Nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an en-

joyment of those in heaven ; as on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its perils."

NOTE, page 344.

*That second Milton, whose creative soul
Doth shadow visions to such awful life,
That men behold them with suspended breath,
And grow ethereal at a gaze!*

To whom can this eulogium apply, but to the sublime painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," "The Deluge," "Fall of Nineveh," &c. &c.?—Long may he live to adorn his age and country!

NOTE, page 357.

But now so false, so object, and so foul.

Of course, with some honorable exceptions.

NOTE, page 374.

The harp is shatter'd, but the sounds remain.

"I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights ; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satis-

factions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the discoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge."—*POPE'S Letters.*

THE END.

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